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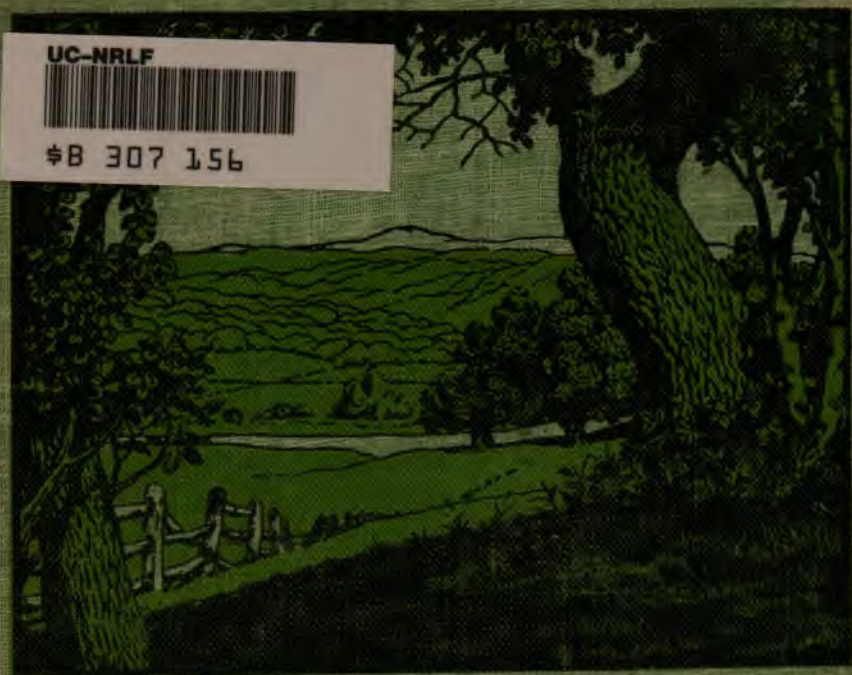
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NATURE AND INDUSTRY READERS

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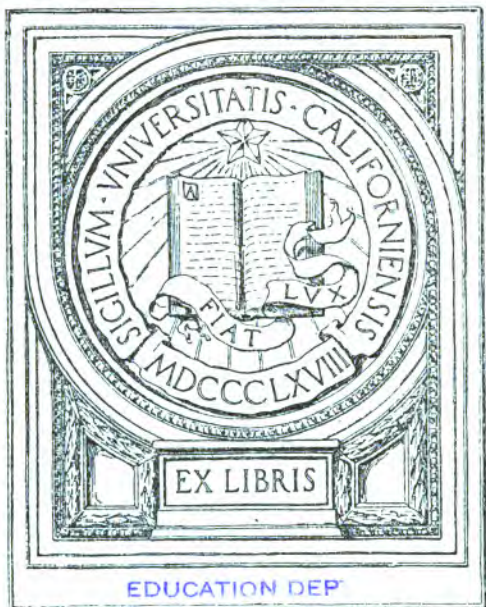


• *Stories of* •
**WOODS AND
FIELDS**
Brown

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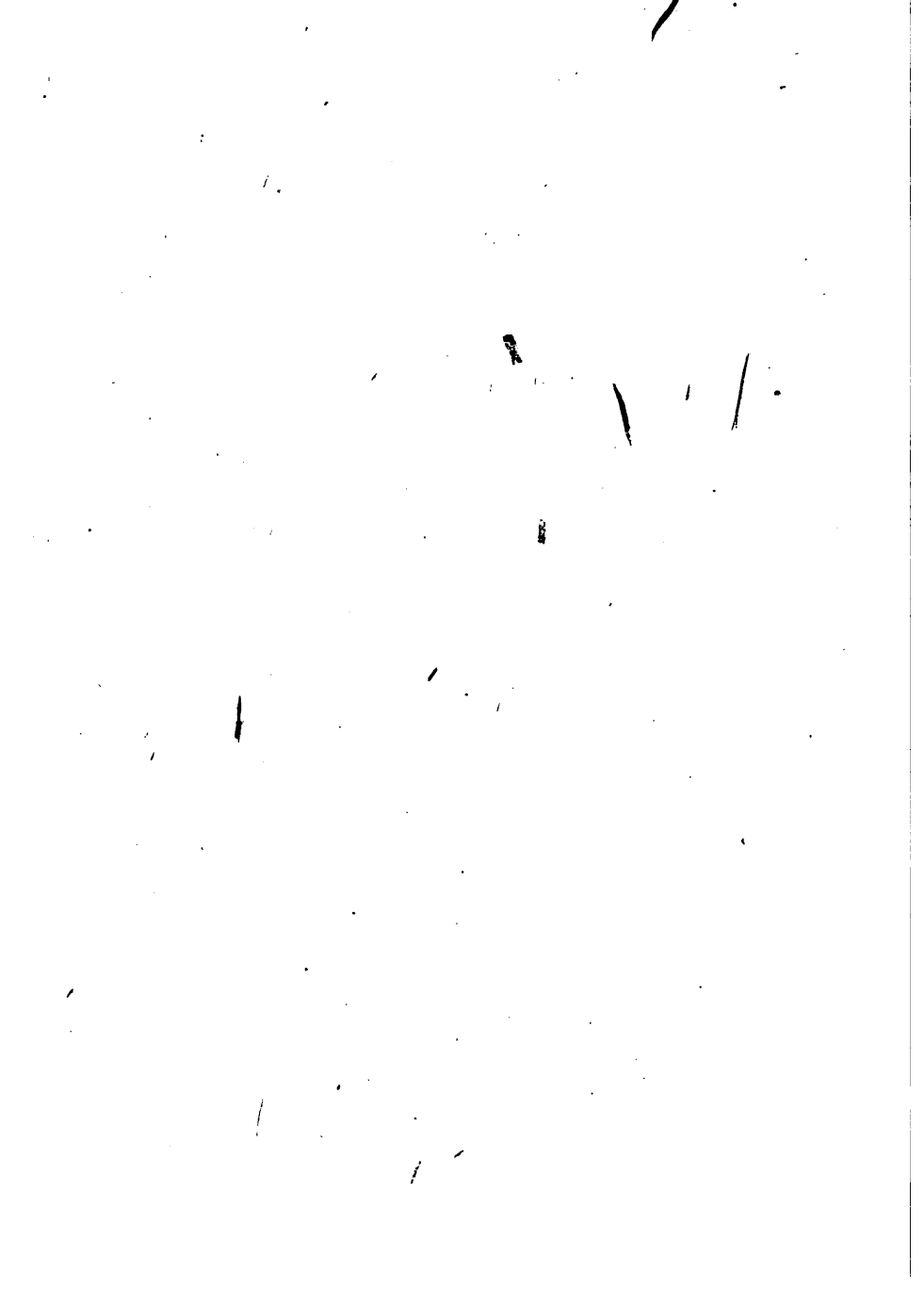
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GIFT OF
R.D. LINQUIST



EDUCATION DEP





NATURE AND INDUSTRY READERS

STORIES OF WOODS AND FIELDS

BY

ELIZABETH V. BROWN

Supervisor of Primary Schools, Washington, D. C.



YONKERS-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK
WORLD BOOK COMPANY

1914

To those who use this book

THIS is one of a series of supplementary readers which draw upon the world's best literature. The other books of the series are constructed on a similar plan and they all present well-selected nature material and stories on industry. They are adapted for use either as readers or to supplement nature, geography, and history lessons. ¶ You will naturally want to know more about the other books in the series. That for the fifth and sixth grades is entitled "Stories of Childhood and Nature," and contains Childhood and Nature stories by some of the greatest and most gifted authors. All of them appeal strongly to children, and many are of geographical value. The book contains two hundred and twenty-two pages. It is illustrated and bound in cloth. The list price is forty cents and the mailing price is forty-eight cents. ¶ The book for the fifth grade and upward is called "When the World Was Young." It is a most fascinating story of the development from primitive conditions of modern means of communication, transportation, agriculture, etc., and affords especially appropriate material for supplementary history lessons. It contains one hundred and sixty pages. It is illustrated and bound in cloth; the list price is forty cents, and the mailing price is forty-eight cents. ¶ Both the above books are published by WORLD BOOK COMPANY, Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York.

Gift

EDUCATION DEPT.
R. D. LINQUIST

PREFACE

HAPPILY, the time is long past when a plea for nature study is necessary.

In these stories an effort has been made to present subjects so familiar to children that they may be observed anywhere in the great out-of-door school, — in the city garden and park, as well as in the woods and fields.

They have been arranged in sequence according to season, to aid the young observer in his rambles with Dame Nature.

Since children's memories are most active between the ages of nine and thirteen years, the poems have been carefully selected with the hope that many of them may be learned by heart, to use a good old-fashioned phrase.

Courteous acknowledgment is hereby made to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., to the Frederick A. Stokes Co., to Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, to Charles Scribner's Sons, and to the Publishers of *The Century* and of *The Outlook*, for permission to use the poems in this book.

AND Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a story-book
Thy Father hath written for thee.

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod,
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

— LONGFELLOW.

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RED-HEADED WOODPECKERS

After Audubon

STORIES OF WOODS AND FIELDS



THE FLAG BIRD

HE was a carpenter.

Hans and Gretchen used to watch for him every morning on their way to school.

Sometimes they heard him hammering, and saw him at his work ; at other times he was going to market, or eating his breakfast, when they passed.

They loved him, because they were little German children who had not been long in America, and he always wore the colors of their German flag, — red, white, and black.

The other children called him the red-headed woodpecker, but to Hans and Gretchen he was always the flag bird.

Deep red feathers covered his head, throat, and neck like a hood ; his breast was white, his back

black with a white patch just above the tail-feathers, while his wings and tail were black trimmed with white.

His shop, which was also his home, was near the top of a dead oak tree. It was too far above the heads of the children for them to look into it, but they could easily see the round front door.

He built his home with no one to help him except his mate.

The children were not so fond of the young, for they were not flag birds. Their hoods were grayish brown instead of red; and although their backs were black, their white breasts were streaked with brown.

But the parents thought them handsome birds, and there was a reason why they wore dull clothes. Do you know what it was?

When it was time to build the home, the woodpecker tapped on the tree trunk with his hammer, which is his bill, you know, until he found a place which pleased him.

"Rat-a-tat-tat! rat-a-tat-tat!" he hammered away. When he was tired, his mate took her turn.

First a round door was made, then a long passage down in the trunk. When it was deep enough, some loose chips and sawdust were put in the bottom of it, to make a soft place for the six pure white eggs which the mother bird laid.

When the woodpecker was not working, he was either going to market or eating his meals.

You can see what he brought for the family, for here is the

BILL OF FARE	
<hr/>	
Ants	Spiders
Wasps	Grasshoppers
Crickets	June bugs
<hr/>	
Corn	
Strawberries	Blackberries
Chokeberries	Wild grapes
<hr/>	
Beechnuts	Acorns

When he had more food than they could eat, he stored it away in strange cupboards, in cracks

in gate-posts, in fences, in telegraph-poles, in railroad-ties, and even between the shingles on the roof.

You may be able to see some flag birds in your neighborhood, for they may be found almost anywhere from Canada to Florida.

They are such handsome birds, I am sure you will be as glad to make their acquaintance as Hans and Gretchen were.

If you read the story of "Hiawatha and the Pearl-feather," you will find how a cousin of this woodpecker helped Hiawatha to overcome the wicked enemy, by telling him where to aim his "arrows tipped with jasper." As a reward, the story tells —

"Then the grateful Hiawatha
Called the Mama, the woodpecker,
From his perch among the branches
Of the melancholy pine tree,
And, in honor of his service,
Stained with blood the tuft of feathers
On the little head of Mama :
Even to this day he wears it,
Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,
As a symbol of his service."

A BUNCH OF FALL FLOWERS

CLOSE to the garden fence was a bed of cosmos and chrysanthemums. The pink and white cosmos flowers were almost gone, but the chrysanthemums were just beginning to bloom; so you can guess what time of year it was.

Towering above the fence, on the other side, stood a tall golden Sunflower, with a little blue Aster at its feet.

The flowers held their faces up to the bright warm Sun, who was smiling down upon them from the sky high above their heads.

"Cosmos," said Sunflower, "do you know that we flowers are all cousins?"

"Why, no!" said Cosmos.



COSMOS



CHRYSANTHEMUM

"How strange!" said a beautiful white Chrysanthemum.

"Oh, how funny," laughed little Aster, "for a great tall Sunflower to be my cousin!"

"Who told you, Sunflower?" asked Cosmos.

"The Sun told me. We talk together very often, and he tells me a great many things.

"You see, each flower of our family is like a hotel.

"Ever so many little flowers live side by side in one big house or disk. We have a very distinguished name, too. Some of the most beautiful flowers belong to the Compositæ Family.



ASTERS

"These yellow flowers, which make such a pretty fringe around my edge, are called 'ray flowers,' because they look so much like the sun's golden rays.



RAY FLOWER AND TUBULAR FLOWER OF DISK

"Your rays are white or pink, Cosmos. Chrysanthemum's are yellow, white, pink, or red; while Cousin Aster's are purple, white, or blue."

"My disk flowers are always yellow," said Cosmos.

"So are ours," chimed Aster and Sunflower; while Chrysanthemum said, "I am all double, so that I have no disk flowers at all; but I used to have them when I was wild, before I came into the garden to live."

RAY
FLORETTUBULAR
FLOWER

"B'z-z-z-z, what is all this talking about?" said a big Bumblebee just up from the clover field. "Is there anything here for a hungry bee to eat?"

"I know where to find something good," said he, flying toward Cosmos, for Cosmos had plenty of pollen in her disk flowers, which he knew how

to make into good
beebread.



SUNFLOWER

As their visitor left, Sunflower glanced up, and was surprised to see that the Sun had hidden behind some black clouds which were playing hide-and-seek in the sky.

The breeze rustled softly through the grass, and whispered among the leaves of the trees.

Then a silvery laugh was heard, and "Splash!" came a drop of rain on Sunflower's nodding head, then another and another, till the air was full of sparkling, laughing raindrops, tumbling and roll-

ing over one another in their hurry to reach the ground; while the flowers nodded to and fro, and dodged this way and that to catch all the raindrops they could.

THE CLOUD

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

WHO CAN TELL?

Who can tell when the winter is coming?
Who can tell when the summer is going?
We go to sleep when the asters are blooming.
We wake! and we find it snowing.

Who can tell when the winter is going?
Who can tell when the summer is coming?
We go to sleep when the tempests are blowing.
We wake! and the bees are humming.

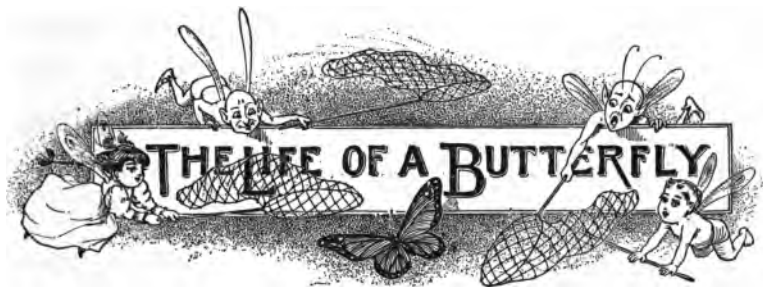
—J. E. WHITNEY. By permission of *The Century*.

THE DAISY

With little white leaves in the grasses,
Spread wide for the smile of the sun,
It waits till the daylight passes,
And closes them one by one.

I have asked why it closed at even,
And I know what it wished to say:
“There are stars all night in heaven,
And I am the star of the day.”

—RENNELL RODD.



CAN you read butterfly language?

Here is a page of it, telling the story of how one of the tiny white eggs on the leaf grew to be a beautiful butterfly, with wings of black trimmed with gold.

The butterfly mother did not stay to take care of her eggs, as the bird mothers do, but flew away to visit the nectar cups of her flower friends.

But the sun sent its warm rays down upon the neglected eggs, until some small green caterpillars, with black stripes and gold dots, came out of them, and crawled away among the leaves as fast as their sixteen little legs could carry them.

They were the hungriest of caterpillars! They did nothing but eat, eat, eat, for several weeks, as they crawled from one plant to another, nibbling round holes in the celery leaves, and biting off the edges of the parsley and the green, juicy tops of the carrots.

Do you wonder that farmers do not like caterpillars to get into their gardens?

But at last they seemed to grow tired even of eating, for they crawled away to rest in different places.

Our caterpillar chose the under side of a leaf, where it lay sleepily for a little while. But it was soon busily at work again.

Pulling a long thread of silk from its body, through a tube in its lower lip, it made a little tuft, in which it caught its hind feet; then it threw a thread around the upper part of its body to hold it to a leaf.

There it hung for several hours, keeping very still, until the green, black, and gold caterpillar-skin fell off, leaving a little green shell, which soon turned brown, like the one in the picture.



PARSLEY WORM AND BUTTERFLY

TO THE
LIBRARY

I know there was something in the little brown house, because it wriggled when I touched it. I know it in another way; for, about two weeks later, the brown house opened its door, and out came a black-and-gold butterfly, which was the very image of the mother who laid the cluster of eggs on the green leaf.

It had grown from an egg to a caterpillar, from a caterpillar to a pupa, and from a pupa to a full-fledged butterfly.

Then it was ready to fly away to the flowers, to sip the nectar in their cups, with its long, hollow tongue. It couldn't bite a leaf stalk or nibble even a flower petal, if it tried. It had only six legs instead of sixteen, but it didn't mind that, as it waved its beautiful wings. I wonder if it remembered the time when it was only a crawling caterpillar.

I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
Where roses and lilies and violets meet.

—THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

WHO WAS SHE?

As I was going down the walk,
So pleasant, cool, and shady,
Right in the middle of the path
I met a little lady.

I made to her my sweetest bow ;
She only walked on faster.
I smiled, and said, " Good-morning, ma'am,"
The moment that I passed her.

She did not notice me at all ;
I really felt quite slighted.
I thought, " I'll follow you, I will,
Although I'm not invited."

Perhaps you think me very rude ;
But then she looked so funny!—
From head to foot all dressed in fur,
This summer day so sunny.

She didn't mind the heat at all,
But wrapped the fur around her,

And hurried on, as if to say,
“I’ll ’tend to my own gown, sir.”

I followed her the whole way home;
Her home was in my garden,
Beneath my choicest vines — and yet
She never asked my pardon.

I never heard her speak a word;
But once I heard the miller,
Coming down the sidewalk, say,
“There goes Miss Caterpillar.”

— SELECTED.

THE WEATHER

WHEN the weather is wet
We must not fret;
When the weather is cold
We must not scold;
When the weather is warm
We must not storm;
But
Be thankful together,
Whatever the weather.

A LETTER FROM THE BIRDS

[A petition forwarded to the General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts by Hon. George F. Hoar, senator from that State. I think the birds would like to have you write an answer to their letter. You might address it to a committee of four birds which live in your neighborhood.]

DEAR FRIENDS, —

We know more about you than you think we do. We know how good you are. We have hopped about the roofs, and looked in at the windows of the houses you have built for poor and sick and hungry people, and little lame and deaf and blind children.

We have built our nests in the trees, and sung many a song as we flew about the gardens and parks you have made so beautiful for your own children, especially your poor children, to play in.

We are Americans, just as you are. Some of us came from across the great sea, but most of the birds have lived here a long while; and birds like us welcomed your fathers when they came here many years ago.

Now we have a sad story to tell you. Thoughtless or bad people are trying to destroy us. They kill us because our feathers are beautiful. Even pretty and sweet girls, who we think would be our best friends, kill our brothers and children, so that they may wear their plumage on their hats. Cruel boys destroy our nests, and steal our eggs and our young ones. People with guns and snares lie in wait to kill us, as if the place for a bird were not in the sky, alive, but in a shop-window or under a glass case.

If this goes on much longer, all your song birds will be gone. Already, we are told, in some other countries that used to be full of birds they are almost gone. Even the nightingales are all being killed in Italy.

Now we humbly pray that you will stop all this, and will save us from this sad fate. You have already made a law that no one shall kill a harmless song bird, or destroy our nests or our eggs. Will you please to make another, that no one shall wear our feathers, so that no one will kill us to get them? We want them all our-

selves. Your pretty girls are pretty enough without them. We are told that it is as easy for you to do it as for Blackbird to whistle.

If you will, we know how to pay you a hundred times over. We will teach your children to keep themselves clean and neat. We will show them how to live together in peace and love, and to agree, as we do in our nests. We will build pretty houses which you will like to see. We will play about your gardens and flowerbeds—ourselves like flowers on wings—without any cost to you. We will destroy the wicked insects and worms that spoil your cherries, currants, plums, apples, and roses. We will give you our best songs, and make the spring more beautiful and the summer sweeter to you.

Every June morning when you go out into the field, Oriole, Blackbird, and Bobolink will fly after you and make the day more delightful to you; and when you go home tired at sundown, Vesper Sparrow will tell you how grateful we are. When you sit on your porch after dark, Fife Bird, Hermit Thrush, and Wood Thrush will

sing to you; and even Whip-poor-will will cheer up a little. We know where we are safe. In a little while all the birds will come to live in Massachusetts again, and everybody who loves music will like to make a summer home with you.

Your woodland friends,

ORIOLE	CHEWINK
WOOD THRUSH	ROBIN REDBREAST
VESPER SPARROW	HUMMING BIRD
SUMMER REDBIRD	WOODPECKER
SWALLOW	MARTIN
SONG SPARROW	COWBIRD
VIREO	INDIGO BIRD
KINGBIRD	PEWEE
VEERY	CEDAR BIRD
CHICKADEE	PHŒBE
BLACKBIRD	ROBERT O'LINCOLN
WREN	SCARLET TANAGER
SANDPIPER	FIFE BIRD
LARK	WHIP-POOR-WILL
BLUE HERON	BROWN THRASHER

THE SONG SPARROW

THERE is a bird I know so well,
It seems as if he must have sung
Beside my crib when I was young;
Before I knew the way to spell
The name of even the smallest bird,
His gentle joyful song I heard.
Now see if you can tell, my dear,
What bird it is that every year
Sings "Sweet — sweet — sweet — very merry
cheer."

He comes in March, when winds are strong,
And snow returns to hide the earth;
But still he warms his heart with mirth,
And waits for May. He lingers long
While flowers fade; and every day
Repeats his small, contented lay;
As if to say we need not fear
The season's change, if love is here
With "Sweet — sweet — sweet — very merry
cheer."



"SWEET-SWEET-SWEET--VERY MERRY CHEER"

TO THE
LIBRARY

He does not wear a Joseph's coat
Of many colors, smart and gay ;
His suit is Quaker brown and gray,
With darker patches at his throat ;
And yet of all the well-dressed throng
Not one can sing so brave a song.
It makes the pride of looks appear
A vain and foolish thing, to hear
His " Sweet — sweet — sweet — very merry
cheer."

A lofty place he does not love,
But sits by choice, and well at ease,
In hedges and in little trees
That stretch their slender arms above
The meadow brook ; and there he sings
Till all the field with pleasure rings ;
And so he tells in every ear,
That lowly homes to heaven are near
In " Sweet — sweet — sweet — very merry
cheer."

I like the tune, I like the words,
They seem so true, so free from art,

So friendly, and so full of heart,
That if but one of all the birds
Could be my comrade everywhere,
My little brother of the air,
This is the one I'd choose, my dear,
Because he'd bless me every year
With "Sweet — sweet — sweet — very merry
cheer."

— HENRY VAN DYKE.

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Lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone ;

The flowers appear on the earth ;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our
land.

The vines are in blossom,
They give forth their fragrance.
Awake, O north wind ; and come, thou south ;
Blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof
may flow out.

— SONG OF SONGS.

COLUMBUS DAY

I

It was the twelfth of October. Columbus Day was being celebrated in Henry's school in Illinois; but he was in Washington, going around with his aunt to see the great public buildings, while his father was attending to the business which had called him to the city.



STATUE OF COLUMBUS, CAPITOL,
WASHINGTON

The children at home were singing "America," "The Star-spangled Banner," and other patriotic songs, and reading Columbus poems. Both of Henry's chums were down on the program.

Bob Goodfellow told the story of how Columbus, when he was a little child, used to play

around the wharves of Genoa, running over the ships, climbing the masts, learning to tie queer sailor's knots, and hearing strange stories of the far-off lands called India, and Cipango, the old name for Japan.

Frank showed by the globe, that if a man started from San Francisco, New York, or Boston, to go around the world, he would come right back to his starting-point. But the people who lived over four hundred years ago, when Columbus did, said that the earth was flat, and, if a man walked far enough, he would fall off the edge.

One of the other boys described the long journey across the water, the angry sailors who wanted to throw Columbus overboard because land was not reached as soon as they expected, the first sight of the new country, and the Indians, the queerest people they had ever seen.

When he finished, the teacher looked at the program with smiling eyes, and surprised the school by saying, "The next thing I see is A Columbus Letter, by Henry Miller."

"Why, he is absent, Miss Reed. Don't you

remember he went to Washington with his father a week ago?" said Bob.

"I know it," laughed Miss Reed, "but here is his letter. It came yesterday, and as I thought you would all like to hear it, I put it down on the program."

II

WASHINGTON, D.C., October 10, 1900.

MY DEAR MISS REED, —

Please tell all the boys I am having a great time.

Yesterday I went to the White House to President McKinley's noonday reception, and he shook hands with me. I think I should like to be president myself some day.

A few days ago my aunt took me to the Capitol to see the senators and representatives who make the laws for our country. The Senate and the House of Representatives look like two big school-rooms. The men all sit at their desks in rows; but the President of the Senate, who is the Vice-President of the United States, and the Speaker

of the House, sit up on high platforms just as if they were teachers. Aunt Kate says they do have to "keep order."

But what else do you think I saw to make me think of school?

I know it will be Columbus Day when you get this letter, so I'll tell you.

At the top of the high steps leading to the front door of the Capitol is a marble statue of Columbus holding a large globe in his hand. His clothes are very strange looking; but my aunt says that I must not laugh, for they were quite stylish four hundred years ago.

The great bronze front door has nine pictures of Columbus on it.

The first one shows him with his maps and plans, talking to the wise men, who are laughing at him, and telling him how foolish he is to think that the earth is round. But we know now that he was wise, and they were foolish.

In the next one he is at the convent gate, talking to the priest, who believed in him and gave him a letter to Queen Isabella. Then we see him



BRONZE DOOR, CAPITOL, WASHINGTON

at court, standing on the steps, talking to the King and Queen, while all the people listen.

The Queen believed in him, and pledged her jewels to buy him the ships which are shown waiting to take him on his long journey.

After pictures of his landing on the island of San Salvador, and of his first meeting with the Indians, he is seen returning to Spain, and parading the streets on horseback, with some Indian captives from the New World following him.

There was great rejoicing for a little while, but soon cruel enemies arose; and the last two pictures, which show him being led away, with chains on his hands, to prison and death, are very sad.

I send you a photograph of the door, but I am afraid the pictures are too small for you to see them well.

I am going to the Zoölogical Park to-morrow to see the animals. Papa says we shall be home next week. I suppose I shall have to work hard to make up for my Washington holiday.

Your loving pupil,

HENRY MILLER.

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN

O COLUMBIA! The gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble
When liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.

The star-spangled banner bring hither,
O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave;
May the service united ne'er sever,
But hold to their colors so true;
The Army and Navy forever,
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!

CHORUS

Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!
The Army and Navy forever!
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN

I'LL tell you how the leaves came down.

The great Tree to his children said,

“ You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,

Yes, very sleepy, little Red,

It is quite time to go to bed.”

“ Ah ! ” begged each silly, pouting Leaf,

“ Let us a little longer stay ;

Dear Father Tree, behold our grief ;

'Tis such a very pleasant day,

We do not want to go away.”

So, for just one more merry day

To the great Tree the Leaflets clung,

Frolicked and danced, and had their way,

Upon the autumn breezes swung,

Whispering all their sports among, —

“ Perhaps the great Tree will forget,

And let us stay until the spring,

If we all beg and coax and fret.”

But the great Tree did no such thing ;

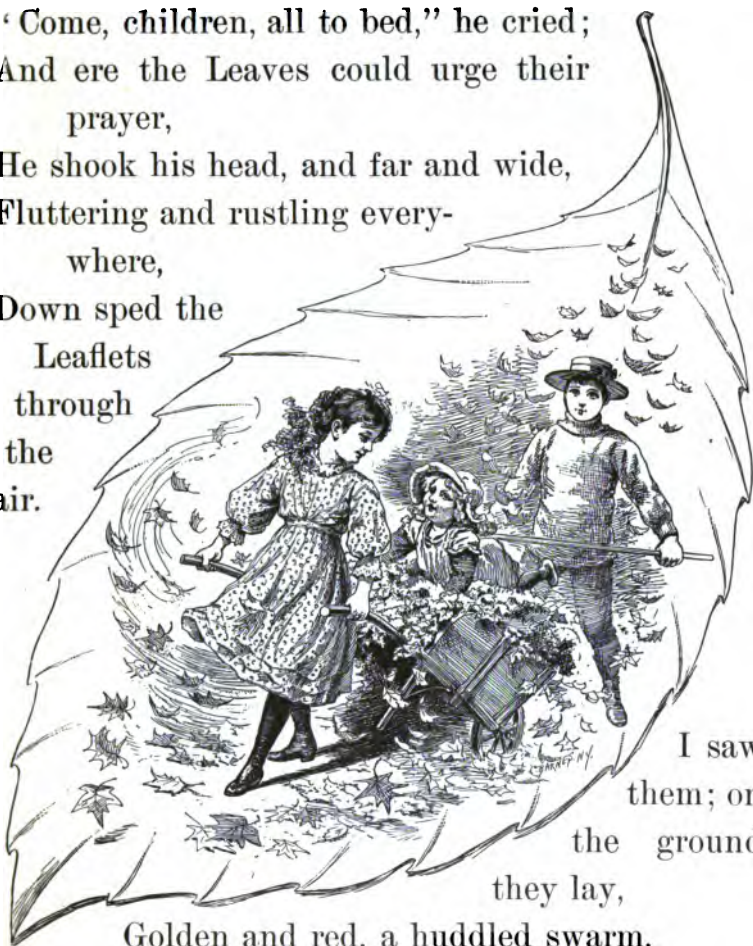
He smiled to hear their whispering.



"WITH AUTUMN LAYING HERE AND THERE,
A FIERY FINGER ON THE LEAVES"

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“Come, children, all to bed,” he cried;
And ere the Leaves could urge their
prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling every-
where,
Down sped the
Leaflets
through
the
air.



I saw
them; on
the ground
they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare Tree looked down and smiled.
“Good-night, dear little Leaves,” he said;
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, “Good-night,” and murmured,
“It is so nice to go to bed!”

COLUMBIA'S EMBLEM

THE rose may bloom for England,
The lily for France unfold,
Ireland may honor the shamrock,
Scotland, her thistle bold;
But the shield of the great Republic,
The glory of the West,
Shall bear a stalk of the tasseled corn,
Of all our wealth the best.
The arbutus and the golden-rod
The heart of the North may cheer,
And the mountain-laurel for Maryland
Its royal clusters rear,
And jasmine and magnolia
The crest of the South adorn;
But the wide Republic's emblem
Is the bounteous, golden corn.

MISS ARGIOPE

It was upon a sunny morning in June that Miss Argiope crept from the egg tuft that had hung all through the winter upon a dried fern leaf, and discovered herself to be a bit of happy life.



MISS ARGIOPE

She took a long look at herself in a dewdrop, and was delighted with what she saw there. She was charmed with her velvety gown of black and

yellow, her eight strong legs, her many sparkling eyes, but most of all with her spinnerets.

"Ah!" she said with a happy sigh, "I am certainly a pretty spider; I hope I shall prove to be as good as I am beautiful."

Being an industrious little thing, she decided to make herself a comfortable home, so she began at once to look for a suitable place. Now, the fern leaf hung out over a little brook that babbled joyously through a pleasant meadow; and on the opposite bank of the brook bloomed a large bunch of sweet red clover.

"That is the very place I should like," thought Miss Argiope. "It is sunny and high, and looks as if it would be a good hunting-ground for me. If I only had a bridge!" Then, after a moment's thought, she added bravely, "I guess I'll try building one."

Then what did she do but mount to the very tiptop of the fern leaf, turn her spinnerets toward the clover, and begin spinning a delicate gossamer thread! The kindly breeze caught it and carried it out, out, over the brook, and wafted it

gently to and fro until it touched the neighboring bunch of clover.

“There, that is done!” said she, as she drew it taut, and fastened it firmly to the fern. Then, without any hesitation, she stepped out upon the filmy little tight-rope, and in a moment more she was safely landed upon the clover.

But now her work was just begun, for she was growing hungry. She still had her house to build, and her trap to set for game, before she could dine.

So, fastening a firm thread, she started for the grass below, trailing the little line behind her, pausing only here and there to secure it to a leaf or blade of grass. Aimlessly she seemed to travel back and forth, but she soon had a network of regular lines laid over quite a large space. After she had finished this, she began weaving from spoke to spoke, deftly touching the spinnerets to each of the foundation threads, until a gauzy, upright wheel of lace glistened in the June sunshine; and lo, her house was finished!

— Adapted from *The Outlook*.

PERSEVERANCE

[The famous soldier, Robert Bruce, lived about six hundred years ago. Although he was King of Scotland, he had been driven from his throne by the English; but he fought bravely on till he won the freedom of Scotland.]

KING BRUCE of Scotland flung himself down

In a lonely mood to think;

'Tis true he was monarch and wore a crown,

But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed

To make his people glad;

He had tried and tried, but could not succeed,

And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair,

As grieved as man could be;

And after a while, as he pondered there,

"I'll give it up!" cried he.

Now, just at that moment a spider dropped

With its silken cobweb clew;

And the king in the midst of his thinking stopped

To see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,
And it hung by a rope so fine,
That, how it could get to its cobweb home,
King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl
Straight up with strong endeavor;
But down it came with a slipping sprawl,
As near to the ground as ever.

Up, up, it ran, nor a second did stay
To make the least complaint,
Till it fell still lower; and there it lay
A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady, — again it went,
And traveled a half yard higher;
'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,
And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell, and swung below,
But up it quickly mounted;
Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
Nine brave attempts were counted.

“Sure,” said the king, “that foolish thing
Will strive no more to climb,
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,
And tumbles every time!”

But up the insect went once more;
Ah, me! 'tis an anxious minute;
He's only a foot from his cobweb door—
Oh, say! will he lose, or win it?

“Bravo, bravo!” the king cried out,
“All honor to those who try!
The spider up there defied despair;
He conquered, and why should not I?”

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind;
And gossips tell the tale,
That he tried once more, as he tried before,
And that time he did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all you who read,
And beware of saying “I can't.”
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead
To idleness, folly, and want.

— ELIZA COOK.

THOSE FUNNY BIRDS

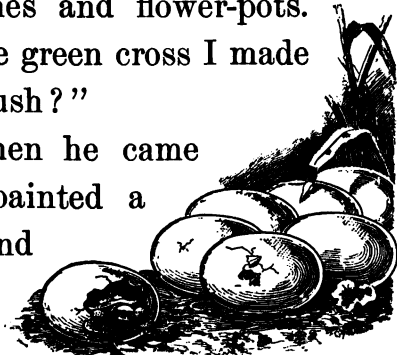
"HA! funny birds, indeed," laughed Stanley, as he and Kate were looking at some of the pictures in her new "Third Reader."

"The birds that come from those eggs will never have a feather to their backs," he continued. "They will wear their bones outside of their bodies instead of inside, and will have four legs instead of two."

"They won't be birds at all, then, for birds are animals covered with feathers," replied Kate.

"No, they'll be mud tortoises, like that old one I caught in the garden last year when I was painting the benches and flower-pots. Don't you remember the green cross I made on his back with my brush?"

"Yes, yes! And when he came back this year, you painted a red one right over it, and made him a Red Cross Knight."



"Well, when he was

born, he came from an egg just like one of these in your picture. His nest, which was a hole in the ground, had only four or five eggs in it; but



his cousin, the sea-turtle, came from a nest in which there were more than a hundred eggs.

“The mother tortoise leaves her eggs, after scattering some loose sand over them, and never thinks of them again. But the sun and earth keep them warm for about two months, when each baby tortoise cracks his shell open with the horny knob on the end of his snout, and walks out to see what the great world is like.”

“But who takes care of the poor orphans?” asked Kate.

“They have to learn to look out for themselves, just as many other young animals do. They grow very slowly; but as they belong to a long-lived family, they have plenty of time for grow-

ing. Some of the great sea-turtles live from one hundred to two hundred years.

“The tortoises soon learn to walk around

on the land to find toadstools and lizards to eat, and to swim in the water, catching minnows and frogs; but if a bird of prey tries to catch one



SEA-TURTLE



SNAPPING TURTLE

of them for dinner, the tortoise quickly shuts himself up in his hard, horny shell, laughing, ‘You can’t catch me this time. I’m too clever for you!’”

“But what be-

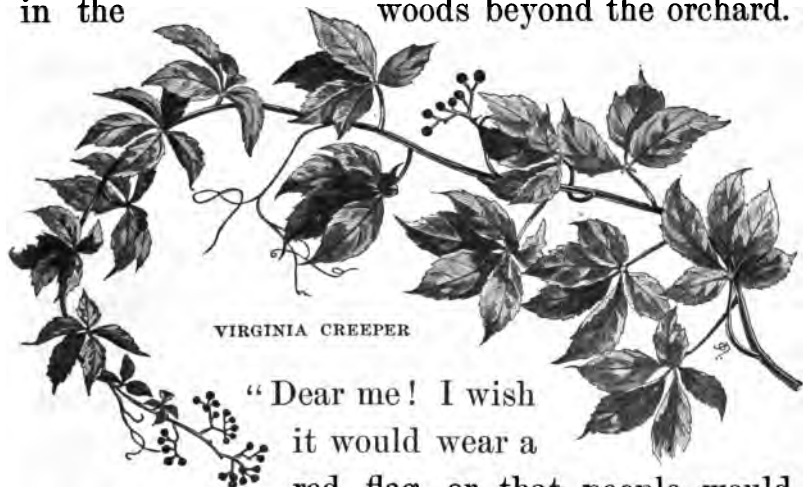
came of your tortoise last fall?" asked Kate. "I hunted and hunted all over the garden for him, and then, though I had forgotten all about him, he came back again this spring with his green cross all covered with mud. I cannot imagine where he hid himself. Can you?"

"Oh, yes! He went away to spend the winter," said Stanley. "When the days grew cold and food became scarce, he took the advice of some wise old tortoises, who told him it was time to go into winter quarters. So he dug a hole in the ground with his claws, and buried himself. He didn't die; but he went fast asleep, and waited until the bright spring sunshine returned to warm the earth. Then he awoke and began to stir himself.

"Don't you remember it was spring both times that we found him? It was during the white-washing and painting season that he won his crosses of green and red."

POISON IVY

"Be careful of the poison ivy!" mamma warned Nell when she went to gather flowers in the woods beyond the orchard.



"Dear me! I wish it would wear a red flag, or that people would put signs, with 'DANGER!' in great big letters, before every vine in the woods, just as they do when the ice is thin on the skating pond," said Nell. "I can never tell it from the old Virginia creeper that has grown over our porch ever since I was born. They look just alike, I'm sure."

"Oh, no, they don't! And if you don't want to get your hands all red, and your face swollen,

as you did last year, I can tell you how to know when to run, just as easily as I can count ‘One, two, three — off!’” laughed Fred, who spent much time in the woods, learning things seldom found in books.

“I wish you would, then, for I never feel safe when I go on a picnic, or gathering wild flowers. I’m always afraid I shall come home poisoned.”

“All you have to do is to look at the leaves in summer and at the berries in the fall,” said Fred. “If the leaves have *five* fingers, you may safely put your hand on them, for they belong to the friendly creeper; but if they have but *three* fingers, you must not touch them, for they are poison ivy. In the fall, the berries of the Virginia creeper are red, while those of the poison ivy are white.

“You can always tell the ivy from the creeper if you remember, —

“‘Fingers three,
Turn and flee!
Fingers five,
Let them thrive!

 Berries white,
 Poisonous sight!
 Berries red,
 Have no dread!’”



THE POISON IVY

A schematic diagram of a 2D hexagonal lattice. The lattice is composed of solid black circles representing atoms. A central atom is highlighted with a larger, bold black circle. A dashed line connects this central atom to one of its nearest neighbors. The lattice is arranged in a regular hexagonal pattern.

“That’s fine, Fred! I feel quite safe now. It sounds like a charm, or something. Whenever I am in doubt again, I’ll say,

“ ‘Eny meny tipsy tee,
Alabama domine’ —

“ Oh, no! I don’t mean that, but

“ ‘Fingers three,
Turn and flee!’ ”

corrected Nell, as they both laughed at her funny mistake.

They came home with their baskets full of persimmons and bright colored leaves, and with their clothes embroidered with stick-tights and Spanish needles.

Can you tell what month it was when Fred gave Nell her botany lesson?

THE lands are lit
With all the autumn blaze of golden-rod,
And everywhere the purple asters nod
And bend, and wave and flit.

— HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

HIDE AND SEEK

Now hide the flowers beneath the snow,
And Winter shall not find them;
Their safety nooks he cannot know;
They left no tracks behind them.

The little brooks keep very still,
Safe in their ice homes lying;
Let Winter seek them where he will,
There's no chance for his spying.

Gone are the birds; they're hiding where
The Winter never searches;
Safe in the balmy southern air,
They sing on sunlit perches.

But comes the Spring at last to look
For all her playmates hidden,
And one by one — flower, bird, and brook —
Shall from its place be bidden.

Then shall the world be glad and gay,
The birds begin their chorus,
The brooks sing, too, along their way,
And flowers spring up before us.

— FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

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AN OLD-TIME THANKSGIVING

DESIRE MINTER, Remember Allerton, and Love Brewster were little Pilgrim children who lived in New England nearly three hundred years ago.

When the Pilgrims came from Old England in the "Mayflower" to live in this new land, there were very few white people here; but there were a great many Indians, who had always lived in this country.

The Pilgrims had a very hard time during their first winter, for they had to build their houses, clear their farms, and fight the bad Indians.

On account of the severe cold, and scarcity of food, about half of the colony became sick and died, among them John Carver, their first governor, and the wife of Miles Standish, their captain.

But in the year 1621 they had a good harvest, and the governor said, "Let us set aside a day in which to give thanks for the harvest. We will invite the *good* Indians to share our Thanksgiving with us."

So the men started out to hunt deer and wild

turkeys, while the women made pies, cakes, puddings, and all sorts of good things, for the great feast.

The children, who were delighted with the thought of their first holiday, helped too, cutting the golden pumpkins for pies, and bringing out the wild grapes and plums which had been preserved. But the greatest fun of all was popping the corn in the hot ashes in the big fireplaces. How they did enjoy scrambling across the room after each little white kernel as it popped out!

The Indians had been invited to come on Thursday, and at sunrise that morning the people knew, by the loud yells, that their guests had arrived.

It was in December, but the weather was pleasant. Long tables were set, and a great fire built out of doors. After breakfast the people were called together by the beating of drums, to go to church, where they thanked God for all his goodness to them in their new home.

When the service was over, they found the feast ready, — brown, roasted turkeys, white bread, a stew with delicious dumplings, baked clams, vege-

tables, and all the goodies the mothers had been making for days; but the Indians and children seemed to enjoy the feast more than any one else.

This was the first Thanksgiving; and now once a year the President of the United States asks all the people to go to church and give thanks to God for his goodness to our country.

Less than a hundred white people took part in that first Thanksgiving, and it must have made them feel very lonely to think they were so far from their old home and friends. But a great and powerful nation has grown from that brave little colony of Plymouth; and to-day, when we celebrate our Thanksgiving, we are joined, not only by seventy-six million people in this broad land of ours, but also by the new members of our family in Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines.

Have we not cause to give thanks for that noble band of Pilgrim men and women who laid the foundation of this great republic, which is so often called "the land of the free and the home of the brave"?

TRACKS IN THE SNOW

"NED, Ned! Wake up! There's been a jolly snowstorm. The old woman up in the sky must have picked all her geese this time, for the snow is nearly up to the top of the gate-post," chattered Ted through his teeth, as he hurried into his clothes.

"Come on, I say!" he exclaimed as he gave Ned a shake. "Let's be the first ones out."

But in spite of all his hurry, some one had been out before Ted, — some one who did not have to wait to dress, but who walked silently over the cold, soft snow without shoes or stockings.

"Tracks!" said Ted as soon as he spied the footprints. "Who's been here, I wonder! Wouldn't it be exciting if it were a bear? I'd track him to his lair, and —"

"Halloo there! What are you dreaming about, you idler? I thought you were going to shovel a path," shouted Ned, who, at last thoroughly awake, came bounding down the stairs two steps at a time to join in the fun.



TRACKS IN THE SNOW

THE
UNIVERSITY OF
MICHIGAN
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"Hi! Squirrel tracks," he said as soon as he spied them. "Some of those spry little red fellows have been out on a foraging expedition. They're smart chaps, I tell you.

"I don't see how they remember where their stores are hidden; but they always seem to know just where to go for the pine cones and nuts they buried in the fall. It's about all I can do to keep track of my cap and mittens, and they are always somewhere in sight," he said, as he shoveled the snow and tossed it over his shoulder.

"They are plucky little creatures, I tell you," puffed Ted, with his breath coming out of his mouth like steam. "I'd rather frisk around in the open air, as they do, even if I did have to lose a meal or two when the snow is deepest, than to sleep in a hole in a tree all winter long, as the gray squirrels do."

"I wouldn't," said sleepy Ned, as he aimed a snowball at his brother's head. "But I'm ready for breakfast any time you are. Come on; there's the bell!"

SQUIRREL WAYS

WHAT the boys said about the squirrels is quite true.

The little red one, the chickaree, who takes a nap only now and then dur-



A NUTTING PARTY IN FAIRYLAND

ing the cold weather, has his nuts and seeds hidden in many pantries, so that if one is robbed he can go

to another. But the gray squirrel puts all his stores in one cupboard, in a hollow tree, or, if there is no hollow "For Rent," in a nest made of coarse sticks firmly lodged in the fork of a tree. Curling his bushy tail over his back for a blanket, he lies down beside his treasures, and settles himself for a long winter's nap.

If he happens to wake on a warm day, thinking that spring has come, he lazily stretches out

his paw, nibbles a nut, and falls asleep again before he knows he has been awake.

He planned for his Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners early in the fall.

Do you know the squirrel in the striped overcoat? His name

is "Chipmunk." In summer he is usually seen on stone walls fence-rails near the

He has the finest all the squirrel tribe.

you will know where he builds it, when you hear that he is sometimes called the "ground squirrel."

Yes, he digs a long channel with his sharp little paws, about a foot or more beneath the surface; then he digs out two rooms, one for the pantry and one for the nursery, connecting them by a narrow hall. The nursery is well furnished with dried grasses and leaves, so that the babies will have warm beds. He usually makes a passage leading up from his home, as



CHIPMUNK'S HOME

or on
ground.

home of

Maybe

well as down, so that, if an enemy comes in by one door, he can escape by the other.

Some people say that he takes to a stream all the earth he digs out, carrying it in the pockets in his cheeks, and that the water will take it away, and tell no tales of where his home is hidden.



FLYING SQUIRRELS

He can fill his pantry very fast, carrying four nuts at a time, — one in his paws, one between his teeth, and one in each of the pouches in his

cheeks. He is very proud of his pockets, for he is the only squirrel who has them.

But the flying squirrel tells him, "You are welcome to your pockets, my dear. They are all well enough for a person who lives in the ground; but I wouldn't give up my ruffles for a dozen pockets in my cheeks."

The flying squirrel has to climb up a tree, just as any other squirrel does; but he can take flying leaps from the top of one tree to the foot of another. He amuses himself by running up and flying down from the trees, and by springing lightly from branch to branch, throwing acorns at the chipmunks below him.

When he wants to fly, he spreads out the ruffles of skin and fur which connect his fore feet with his hind ones, and down he goes as far as he likes; but he cannot fly up, or from side to side, as a bird can.

THE OWL

WHEN cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone, and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

— ALFRED TENNYSON.

WINTER QUARTERS

It is time for the wild creatures of the woods to think of winter quarters when the flowers have gone to seed, when the birds have flown south, and when the crickets, beetles, and ants have crept into their houses and closed the doors.

Puss chooses a warm place by the fire, although her coat is thick and soft. As she lies there and purs, she wonders at the boys and girls who shout and play in the snow and ice. She doesn't care for coasting and skating.

The farm animals look shaggy and rough in their winter coats of hair and wool. The walls of the barns and sheds are made tight for them, and warm beds of hay and straw are shaken down at night.

But the other animals have to look out for themselves.

"It's time I was in bed," growls the bear, who has been making himself so fat on nuts and berries that he can hardly find a hollow tree or cave to fit him.



SNOWY OWL



When he does find one, he crawls in, rolls himself up in a furry ball, and falls into a deep sleep which lasts until spring.

When he comes out, he is very thin and lean. I think I should not care to meet him when he is looking for his first breakfast.

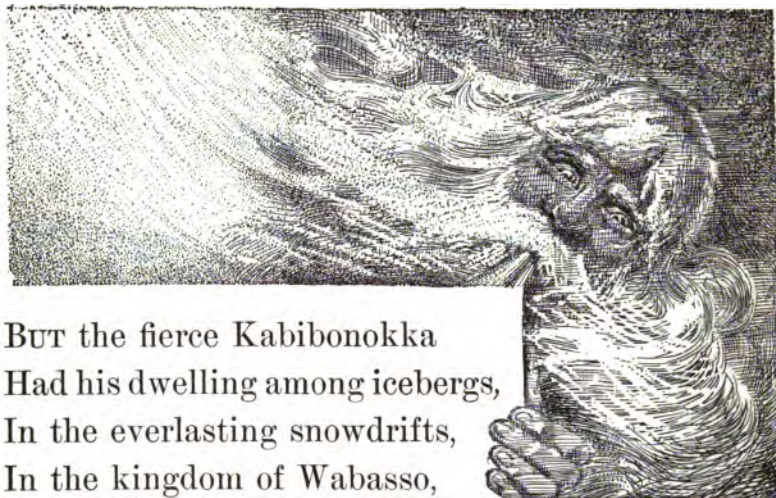
Rabbits and prairie dogs burrow underground; so do tortoises.

Snakes, which you know are cold-blooded animals, get together and twine themselves in huge balls to get warmth enough to keep them alive during the cold months.

Eels and frogs plunge under the mud in the bottoms of ponds and streams; while fish keep very close to the beds of their watery homes.

Many of the animals which do not go to sleep for the winter die because food is scarce, or because they are shot or trapped while hunting for it. Some, like the snowy owl and ptarmigan, are fortunate in having winter suits of white. Some rabbits also change their coats. When they go over the snow, they are so like it in color, that they are not easily seen by trappers and hunters.

THE NORTH WIND



BUT the fierce Kabibonokka
Had his dwelling among icebergs,
In the everlasting snowdrifts,
In the kingdom of Wabasso,
In the land of the White Rabbit.

KABIBONOKKA

He it was whose hand in Autumn
Painted all the trees with scarlet,
Stained the leaves with red and yellow;
He it was who sent the snowflakes
Sifting, hissing, through the forest,
Froze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers,
Drove the loon and seagull southward,
Drove the cormorant and curlew
To their nests of sedge and sea-tang
In the realms of Shawondasee. — LONGFELLOW.

A WINTER RESIDENT

How many names have you, little boy?

I am a bird with more than three dozen different names.

Some people call me Flicker or Yar-up, on account of my song; some call me the Golden-shafted Woodpecker, because the vanes of my feathers are yellow as gold; while others call me the Yellow-hammer, on account of my yellow feathers and my habit of hammering or pecking on trees while making my nest, or hunting for food.

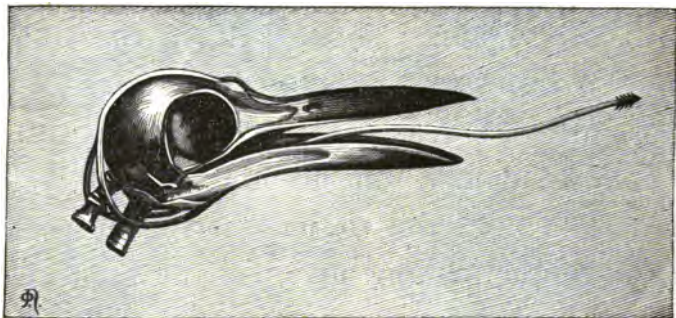
Still another name is High-hole, because I make the front door of my nest so high up in the tree. I have forgotten the rest of my names.

Have you ever seen me in the woods? I am not very shy, and often I may be seen walking around on the ground, looking for ants for my dinner. I am fond of fruits and of all insects; but I like ants better than anything else.

I am sure I could never find enough to eat if it were not for my very long tongue, which goes

all around the top of my head, as you see in the picture.

At the end of it there is a dart, which I can thrust into cracks and crevices to get the little bugs which hide in the bark of trees.



WOODPECKER HEAD (BILL AND TONGUE)

My mate helped me peck that nice, round, high hole in the tree. It leads down to the nest through a passage as long as your arm.

The bottom of it is lined with chips, on which my mate lays from five to nine pure white eggs. They are so well protected inside of the tree trunk that they do not need markings to help hide them.

When our little ones are hatched, I shall help



THE FLICKER

THE
MUSEUM
OF
NATURAL
HISTORY
OF
THE
CITY OF
NEW YORK
AND
THE
ADJACENT
COUNTY OF
ROCKLAND

my mate teach them how to fly, how to hunt insects, and how to use their feet in climbing, turning two toes in front and two behind, as all well-behaved woodpeckers should do.

I hope you know some of my cousins, — the Hairy, the Downy, the Red-headed Woodpecker, and the Sapsucker.

We are all handsome birds; and though we are not sweet singers, you can often hear our "rat-a-tat-tat" on the tree trunks as you go through the woods.

A BIRD'S QUESTIONS

Do you belong to the Audubon Society?

Have you ever fed us crumbs in winter, when berries and seeds were nearly all gone?

Have you ever placed saucers of water on your window-sills for us, in the hot, dry days of summer, when we have hopped and flown about, panting with thirst?

Have you ever built bird-houses, or put up boxes, in which we may build our nests and rear our young?

SHOE, OR STOCKING?

IN Holland, children set their shoes,
This night, outside the door ;
These wooden shoes Knecht Clobes sees,
And fills them from his store.

But here we hang our stockings up
On handy hook or nail ;
And Santa Claus, when all is still,
Will plump them, without fail.

“Speak out, you Sobersides, speak out,
And let us hear your views ;
Between a stocking and a shoe
What do you see to choose ?”

One instant pauses Sobersides,
A little sigh to fetch,
“Well, seems to me a stocking’s best,
For wooden shoes won’t stretch.”

— EDITH M. THOMAS.

From In the Young World, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co

HOW SANTA CLAUS TAUGHT SCHOOL

It was the twenty-fourth of December.

The little country schoolhouse was almost hidden in the snow, and the long icicles hung down over the windows.

The children were in no hurry to get to school, for the ice on the pond was firm and smooth; and even after the first bell had rung, they stopped for just one slide more.

But at last, after enjoying a lively snowball battle, they reached the school door, tired and out of breath. There they halted in surprise. Could they all be dreaming? No, it was really true. At the desk on the platform sat Santa Claus, with his pack beside him and his funny old spectacles on his nose.

"Good-morning, children," he called cheerily. "I thought I'd like to try teaching school for a change. Come right in."

After the children had recovered from their surprise, and were all seated, their new teacher

opened school by teaching them some bright Christmas carols.

"Now," said he, rapping on the desk, "let's get to work. First class in history, step up front."

Poor children! They never did know much about history, and on this bright morning the snow and the thought of Christmas had made them forget even Columbus and his wonderful discovery.

But Santa Claus didn't seem to care about such things at all. Indeed, he said he wanted them to remember only one date, — the twenty-fifth of December.

Then he told them the story of the Baby born in a stable on that day many hundred years ago, and taught them to repeat the angels' song of "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

Arithmetic came next, and the little folks grew excited and happy as they answered such questions as, "There are three stockings on the right side of the fireplace and two on the left. How many stockings are hanging up?"



HOW SANTA CLAUS TAUGHT SCHOOL

He gave harder problems to the older children, asking them the cost

of a 20 lb. turkey @ 15¢ a pound,
of 2 qt. of cranberries @ 5¢ a pint,
of 3 bunches of celery @ 5¢ a bunch,

and ever so many other things about a Christmas dinner.

Some of the children were sent to work examples at the blackboard. Ezra had one in long division, but he was so excited he got it all wrong.

A lesson on birds followed, the children telling many different stories about their feathered friends, but all agreeing that the most useful bird in the world is the turkey.

"Now for a good old-fashioned spelling-match," said Santa Claus. "Choose your sides, boys and girls, and we'll see how well you can spell." These are some of the words he gave them:—

doll	horn	Christmas
drum	turkey	plum pudding
stocking	mince pie	cranberries

This wonderful new teacher then had a geography lesson, in which he showed them, on a map, the shortest way to reach his home at the North Pole, and told them of the many strange sights they would see on the road.

Then, calling another class, Santa Claus said, "We will now have a short lesson in botany."

The children had never heard of this hard name before; but when they found that it meant only the study of plants, trees, and flowers, they were not so frightened.

The boys ran over into the woods, coming back in a few moments with branches of different evergreens, about which they talked, each telling which one he thought would make the best Christmas tree.

Then, out of his pack, Santa Claus took needles and thread, and set the girls to work making dresses for their dollies, while, with tools from the same magic sack, he showed the boys how to build a chimney large enough for him to get down easily.

"Now, children," said Santa, "run to the

blackboards, and each one draw a picture of what he would like to find in his stocking to-morrow morning."

In a few minutes the blackboards were filled with pictures of all kinds of toys.

As they turned to go to their seats, they heard the merry jingle of sleigh-bells, and a jolly voice called out, "Good-by, little folks! Merry Christmas to all!" Then they knew that their queer new teacher had left them to dismiss themselves.

But when they looked into their stockings on Christmas morning, they found exactly the same toys whose pictures they had drawn on the blackboard the day before.

It was indeed a Merry Christmas for all of Santa Claus's pupils.

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

—LONGFELLOW.

THE BEAVER

THE beaver is the master builder among the animals, and his winter home is the best on the stream, although the Hotel Muskrat is a very fine stopping-place when days are cold, and food is scarce.

Do you see the beaver's chest of tools? He never mislays one of them. His strong teeth-chisels are always in his mouth, ready to gnaw anything, from a twig to a tree trunk; his sharp claw-shovels are always in place for digging; while his broad flat tail is convenient for pounding down sticks and twigs in building his dam and lodge.

His tail serves also as a rudder when he swims.

Perhaps, because the skins of some of his ancestors sold at one time for sixteen dollars apiece, the beaver feels that he can afford two homes, — a summer as well as a winter one.

The spring and early summer are spent on land, in a nest dug out of the bank, high enough

above the water to prevent it from being flooded when the spring freshets come. But in August the entire family takes to water life again.

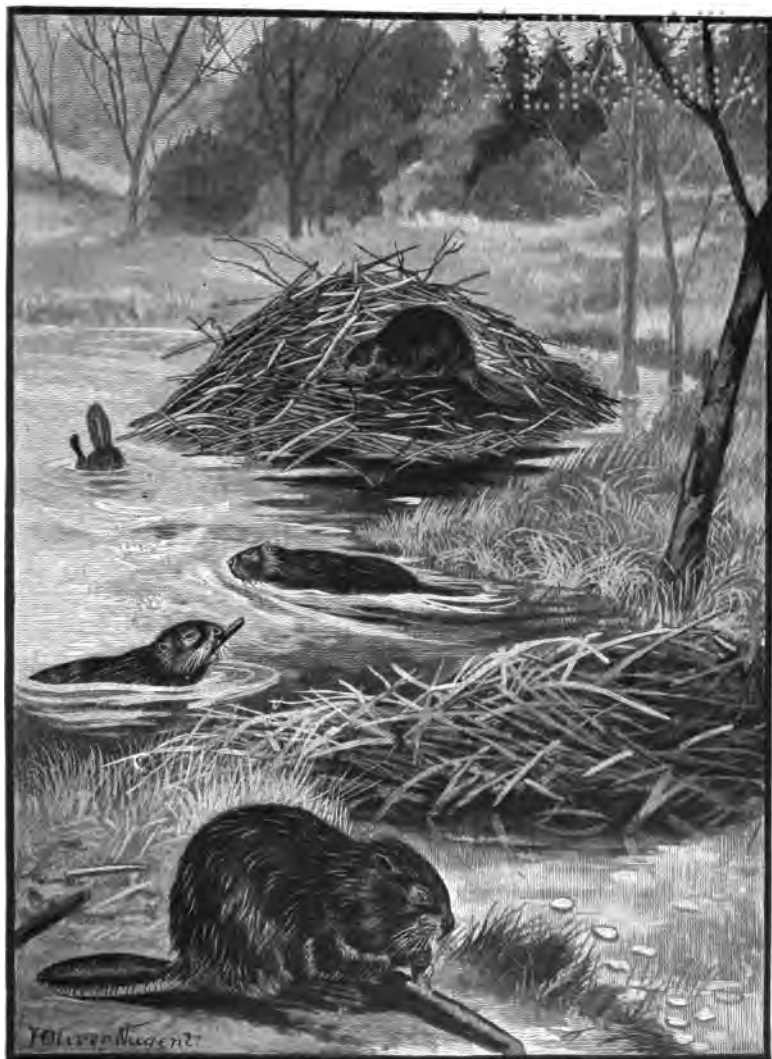
Beaver-town is then a busy place. If the stream in which the family has decided to build, is not deep enough to prevent freezing in the winter, a dam has to be made.

Usually many beavers live in the same stream, and work together in building the dam; but each family lives in its own separate lodge or hut.

The beavers which go for timber sometimes select trees five or six inches thick. With no other tools than their strong teeth, they gnaw and cut deep, wedge-shaped gashes, first on one side of the tree, then on the other, until it falls.

Cutting it to suit their uses, they carry the pieces, between their fore-paws and chins, to the stream, and float them down to the place where the dam is to be built.

The huts, which are dome-shaped and often four or five feet high, are made of stones, sticks, and mud firmly packed together by pounding strokes of the strong, flat tails.



THE BEAVER

70 1944
ALBANY, N.Y.

When the mud and water freeze, the walls become strong. Vegetables, roots of water plants, bark of poplar and other trees, gathered during the summer, are stored in the hut; and the family is safely housed for the winter, with no fear of any one except man — who wants beaver-fur for capes, muffs, and gloves — or the wolverine, which wants beaver-meat to eat.

THE BEAVER'S RELATIONS HAVE A WORD TO SAY

We are all the beaver's relations. Yes, we are proud to say it.

Do you not see that we have the same kind of teeth that he has? Our teeth do not run straight around our jaws, as yours do, little boys and girls. We have two long chisel-shaped teeth in the front of each jaw, with a little space between them and our back teeth. Our chisel-shaped teeth are called incisors, and our back teeth, molars.

We all gnaw our food, so you may call us "The Gnawers," if you wish.

SQUIRREL	PORCUPINE	WOODCHUCK
RABBIT	MUSKRAT	CHIPMUNK

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

'Tis splendid to live so grandly,
That, long after you are gone,
The things you did are remembered
And recounted under the sun ;
To live so bravely and purely,
That a nation stops on its way,
And once a year, with banner and drum,
Keeps the thoughts of your natal day.

'Tis splendid to have a record
So white and free from stain,
That, held to the light, it shows no blot,
Though tested and tried amain ;
That age to age forever
Repeats its story of love,
And your birthday lives in a nation's heart
All other days above.

And this is Washington's glory,
A steadfast soul and true,
Who stood for his country's honor
When his country's days were few ;

And now, when its days are many,
And its flag of stars is flung
To the breeze in defiant challenge,
His name is on every tongue.

Yes, it's splendid to live so bravely,
To be so great and strong,
That your memory is ever a tocsin
To rally the foes of the wrong;
To live so proudly and purely,
That your people pause in their way,
And year by year, with banner and drum,
Keep the thoughts of your natal day.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Washington was
first in war,
first in peace,
and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

SOME FEBRUARY BIRTHDAYS

George Washington — February 22, 1732.

Abraham Lincoln — February 12, 1809.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow — February 27, 1807.

BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS

WINGS! Wings! Wings!

Did you know there were so many different kinds needed to carry little creatures through the air?

Feather-winged birds, lace-winged dragon flies, straight-winged grasshoppers, and horny-winged beetles!

Can you think of any more?

The smooth, velvety wing of the butterfly and the furry wing of the moth are both made of tiny scales, which overlap one another like the shingles on the roof of a house.

They get their beautiful colors from the way in which the light falls upon them.

How many different colors have you seen on the wings of butterflies and moths?

Have you ever seen live insects like those in the picture?

One is a butterfly, the other a moth.

Sometimes it is hard to tell them apart, but here are a few rules to help you.



MOTH

BUTTERFLY

THESE OF
COLUMBIA

"THE SUNSHINY BUTTERFLIES COME AND GO,
LIKE BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS MOVING TO AND FRO."

THE
JOURNAL
OF
THE
ROYAL
ANTHROPOLOGICAL
INSTITUTE

Butterflies have slender bodies covered with fine hairs; whereas moths have thick bodies covered with coarse hairs, like fur.

Butterflies have knobs at the ends of the antennæ or feelers; but moths have feather-like feelers.

Butterflies raise their wings when resting; but moths rest with their wings spread. The upper and lower wings of some moths are fastened together.

Butterflies fly by day, moths by night.

The butterfly caterpillars seldom spin silken cocoons, but you know those of the moth frequently do.

The silk for hair-ribbons, neckties, and dresses, comes from the cocoons of moth caterpillars.

THE long-mantled moths that sleep at noon
And dance in the light of the mystic moon,
And the sunshiny butterflies come and go
Like beautiful thoughts moving to and fro.
And not a wave of their busy wings
Is unknown to the Spirit that moveth all things.

— GEORGE MACDONALD.

PAUL'S QUEER PETS

"I WONDER what is in it!" cried Paul, as the postman gave him a package addressed to himself. "Perhaps Uncle Philip has sent me some more shells from Florida."

But when he opened the box, he almost let it fall, as he cried, "Snakes!" in a tone



PAUL'S PACKAGE

that quickly brought his big brother to his side.

"Snakes, indeed!" said John, as he looked at two slender, little wriggling creatures. "Look at their legs! These are lizards. They won't hurt you."

Paul took them out carefully, and put them on the window-sill. They were nearly the same color as the brown wood; but while he was looking at them, they scampered up on some plants in the window.

Again Paul called out, "Oh, look, John! See, they have turned green!"

He was right, for now the new pets matched the green leaves as nearly as they had matched the brown wood a few minutes before.

Paul soon found that his lizards always turned leaf color when among the plants, and wood color when on wood or sand, and by watching he learned the reason why.

When flies and other insects came buzzing about the window, they did not know the lizards were near, until "Snap!" out would come a slender, forked tongue, and the insect would be gone in a twinkling.

"What fine flytraps they make!" said Paul. "I wish we had some more of them!"

"Perhaps, if you look carefully when you are out walking, you may find some lizard eggs," said John; "for lizards are found here, as well as in Florida."



PET LIZARD

"Wouldn't it be fun to get a few of them, and watch them hatch?" asked Paul. "I am going to look for some."

MORE ABOUT PAUL'S PETS

ALTHOUGH he looked carefully, Paul was not able to find any lizard eggs ; but one day John shouted, " O Paul, see here ! I have brought you some company for your lizards. Come, see how you like him."

The visitor was a queer-looking animal, with short, thick legs, and a broad, flat body covered with little scales that looked like horns. There were horns on his head, too, yet he was not a very fierce-looking creature.

What do you suppose he was ?

The box in which he came was marked "Horned Toad : " so Paul said, " Perhaps that is his visiting card."

But John said that he was not a toad at all, but another member of the lizard family, although he looked so unlike the rest of them.

One thing that Paul soon found out was the new pet's fondness for flies ; but his tongue was thick, and not nearly so nimble as the lizard's.

In other ways, the cousins were alike. They

were both covered with scales, and both had five toes, with little claws, on each foot.

"See how much like the earth, the toad's spotted, brownish-gray skin looks!" said John. "Wouldn't you have a hard time finding him on



HORNED TOAD

the ground? He is wonderfully well protected by his color."

"Yes," said Paul. "I suppose the insects which come in his way think he is only a bit of rough brown earth, and so they are easily caught. But

his spiny scales make him a tough mouthful for the creatures who try to eat him."


One day Paul hastily caught one of the lizards by the tail; but the little animal, not liking such treatment, jerked himself free and ran off, leaving his tail in Paul's fingers.

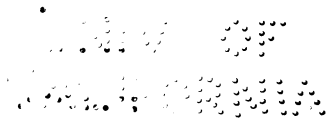
How sorry the boy was! The lizard, too, looked very uncomfortable; but in a short time a new tail grew. It was a little different from the old one; but the lizard didn't seem to mind that, and soon was as happy as ever.

But a stranger thing even, then happened to his other pet.

Catching the toad quickly, to show to one of his friends, Paul was surprised at a jet of blood that was shot at him from the toad's eyes. Paul afterward learned from a book that the people of Mexico call these creatures "sacred toads," and hold them in reverence, because they think it so wonderful for them to weep tears of blood.

Paul was very careful with the toad after that, saying, "I don't want him to weep any more tears of blood for me."







"THE LILAC TOSSED A PURPLE PLUME"

WAITING FOR MAY

FROM out his hive there came a Bee :

“Has springtime come, or not?” said he.

Alone, within a garden bed,

A small pale snowdrop raised its head ;

“’Tis March, this tells me,” said the Bee ;

“The day is cold, although ’tis sunny,

And icy cold this snowdrop’s honey.”

Again came humming forth the Bee :

“What month is with us now?” said he.

Gay crocus blossoms, blue and white

And yellow, opened to the light ;

“It must be April,” said the Bee ;

“I’ll taste these flowers (the day is sunny),

But wait before I gather honey.”

Once more came out the waiting Bee :

“’Tis come ! I smell the spring !” said he.

The violets were all in bloom,

The lilac tossed a purple plume,

The daffodils wore a yellow crown,

The cherry tree a snow-white gown,

And by the brookside, wet with dew,
The early wild wake-robins grew ;
 " It is the Maytime ! " said the Bee,
 " The queen of all the months for me ;
The flowers are here, the sky is sunny,
'Tis now my time to gather honey."

— MARIAN DOUGLASS

THE COW

THE friendly cow all red and white,
 I love with all my heart ;
She gives me cream with all her might
 To eat with apple tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
 And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
 The pleasant light of day.

And blown by all the winds that pass,
 And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass,
 And eats the meadow flowers.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

BAKING DAY IN THE HIVE

THE willow catkins down by the gate were heavy with pollen.

“The alder by the river
Shook out its powdery curls.”

Poplars fluttered their tassels and the bloodroot spread her petals wide.

All seemed to be expecting something to happen.

Soon there was a great flutter and buzzing as a swarm of worker bees came out of a hive near by.

Away they flew to the willows, alders, and poplars, begging for the golden powder which their flowers had to give.

This powder, which is called “pollen,” is the flour which the bees use in making beebread.

The winter had been so long and cold that they had eaten nearly all of their bread.

They wanted to make some more for the young bees.

The flowers welcomed them joyously.

Such busy bees!

They were dusty with pollen, which covered

their backs, legs, and heads. But they scraped it all off carefully with their feet, packed it in little round balls, and stored it away in the market baskets which they carry on their hind-legs.

Back and forth they flew many times.

When they reached the hive, they emptied their baskets on the doorstep, and flew away again.

The bees in the hive gathered in the golden flour, mixed it with honey, and packed it away in the cupboard-cells.

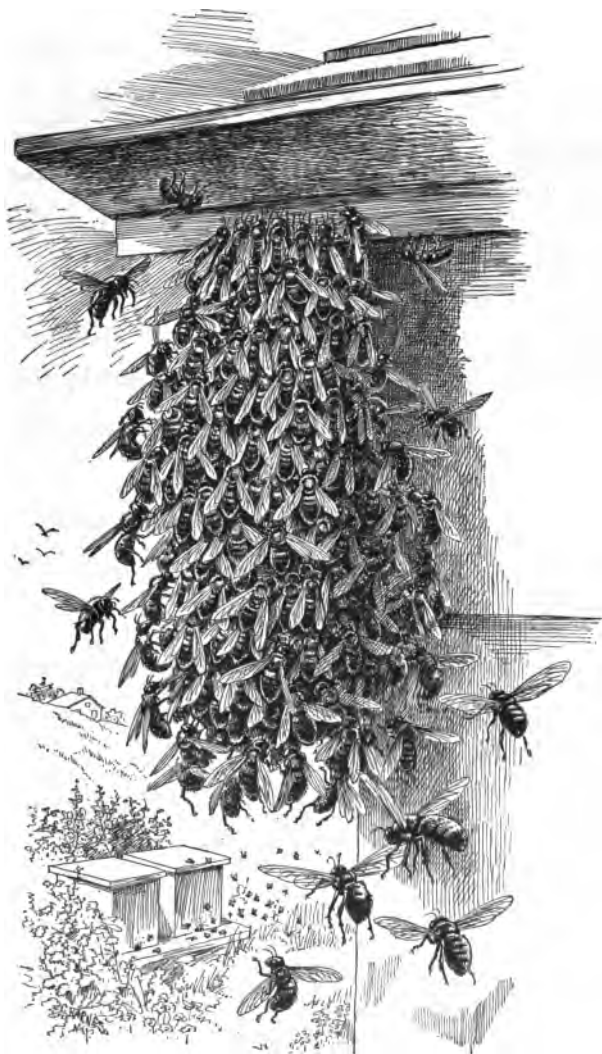
Do you think you would like a taste of bee-bread?

It is very bitter, but the bees like it.

They feed on it during the long winter, when there are no flowers to give nectar for making honey.

I would rather eat sweet honey than bitter bee-bread. Wouldn't you?

“A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay ;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon ;
But a swarm of bees in July
Isn't worth a fly.”



BEEES SWARMING



A FAT frog sat on a stone near the water's edge. A flower on the bank swayed suddenly forward. "Croak! croak! There is a breeze coming," said the frog.

"Oh, no! It is your weight, Busy Bee, which drags low the heads of our flowers. Stay a moment for a little talk."

The bee's wings quivered for a moment as it buzzed, "To-day we are building a cell for our new queen. I cannot stay."

"But how —" the frog began. But it was too late, for the bee had flown.

"Silly brown bug!" he croaked. "A queen indeed!"

The bee was already entering the hive.

"Buzz! buzz! See, it is finished."

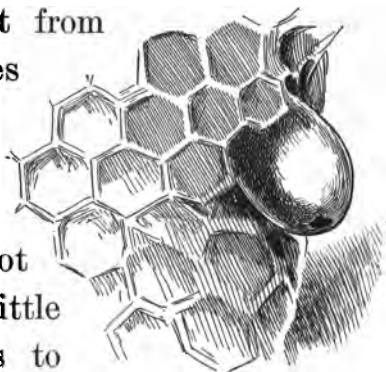
"Is it not beautiful?" buzzed the other bees.

Hanging from one edge of the comb was a long, thimble-shaped cell built of wax.

It was very different from the cells of the drones and workers.

“Quick! Bring the royal jelly.”

This was to feed—not the queen, but the little white grub which was to hatch from the egg.



The grub had to spin a cocoon around itself, and wait twenty-one days before it grew into a queen bee, with a long slender body and gauzy wings.



One morning, the whole hive shook with fright.

From the new cell came a long, sharp sound.



This was to let the other bees know that the new queen was ready to come out of her cell to rule over the hive.



As there can be but one queen in a hive at a time, the old queen sorrowfully prepared for flight.

Many faithful bees gathered around to follow her.

Out, far out, they flew, until they found a tree in which was a large hollow.

Here they formed a new hive, but many of the bees stayed in the old home with the new queen.

Some one has called a bee's home a castle of wax. Do you think that is a good name for it, and do you want to know where the bees get the wax to make the comb which holds the honey you like so well?

They make it themselves. After eating a great deal of honey, many of them hook themselves together by their legs, and hang in a cluster or curtain. Soon, scales of wax come out of the little pockets in their abdomens.

It is with these scales that they build the six-sided cells which hold their stores of honey and beebread, and which make the nurseries of the baby bees.

THE BLUET



BLOODROOT

GUESS where I saw a Fairy
Bluet to-day.

I know. You saw it on a
sunny hillside.

Yes, there it was, whispering
to the Bloodroot and the Violet
about the sunshine and the spring-
time, and nodding to its neighbors
the Hepatica and Spring Beauty.

As Rock Creek sparkled by, Bluet
gave a bright
little nod, and
said, "I am out to see the other
flowers. I want to smell the
spring odors, and hear the birds.
Aren't you glad to see me again?
I have been away for a whole
year."

The Creek laughed a little wel-
come, and ran on; but I stayed
with the Baby Bluet.



BLUET



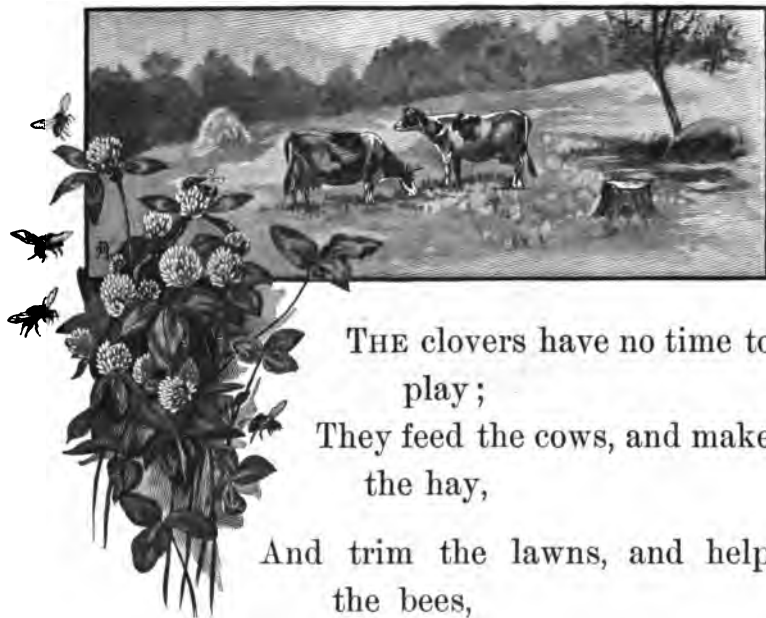
VIOLET

I knew that tiny rootlets soft as silk were holding it fast to the ground, and I could see the slender delicate stem lifting the sweet star-like flower up for me to look into its bright face.

Gay, brave little Bluet,
I hope you will come with
the other spring flowers
every year in the soft
April weather. You may be sure that you will
always be welcome.

“If you find a starry bluet
Brave with looking at the sky,
With a mad March wind to woo it,
And a rock to shelter by,
Just nod blithely, boldly, to it
As you’re passing by the place;
Just nod frankly, as, if you knew it,
It will laugh up in your face.”

CLOVERS



THE clovers have no time to
play ;
They feed the cows, and make
the hay,

And trim the lawns, and help
the bees,

Until the sun sinks through the trees.

And then they lay aside their cares,
And fold their hands to say their prayers,

And drop their tired little heads,
And go to sleep in clover beds.

Then, when the day dawns clear and blue,
They wake, and wash their hands in dew,

And as the sun climbs up the sky,
They hold them up and let them dry,
And then to work the whole long day;
For clovers have no time to play.

— HELENA LEEMING JELLIFFE.

By permission of *The Outlook*.



ARBUTUS

Oft have I walked the woodlands brown
Without the blest foreknowing,
That underneath the withered leaves
The fairest flowers were growing.

To-day the south wind sweeps away
The types of autumn's splendor,
And shows the sweet arbutus flowers,
Spring's flowers fair and tender.

— FREDERICK W. FABER.

THE TREE TOAD

IN the early days of spring a tree-toad concert is a pleasant thing to hear.

Farmers say that the band plays loudest just before rain: so you see the tree toad is something of a weather prophet.

How do you suppose tree toads ever get up so high in the world as the treetops? Not by hopping, surely; they would be too apt to fall.

To find the secret of their climbing, you must take a look at their fingers and toes.

Those little round, sticky pads act as suckers or holders. If you have ever tried to lift a brick or a piece of glass with a bit of moistened leather, you will understand all about it.

With four suckers on his fingers, and five on his toes, each tree toad can hang upside down



on the smooth under surfaces of leaves.

This makes him dangerous to the small insects on which he feeds.

They do not think it is playing fair for him to stand on his head and thrust out his slender tongue to catch them, when they are not expecting to see him.

But this is only one of his tricks. Another one is changing his color to help hide himself from enemies who like to eat him as much as he likes to eat insects.

He can change his suit of clothes from green to gray, and back again, as quickly and as often as he chooses.

What color do you suppose he wears when he is hiding away among the green leaves?



On a dead stump or an old fence covered with lichens, he is a very different looking creature.

Do you think your eyes would be sharp enough to see him there, if he sat very still, with his legs drawn up under him?

I believe that most people would think him only a knot of wood.

THE OATEN PIPE

WHEN the musical piping frogs
Begin to croak and chant
In the marshes and in the bogs,
In many a sweet spring haunt,
I think of the legend hoary
Which little Dutch folk recite, —
How the nightingale's soul, says the story,
Enters a frog in its flight.
And so, when I hear the weird catch
Where the frogs alone take part,
I fancy I sometimes snatch
A strain from the nightingale's heart.

—MARY NEWMARCH PRESCOTT.

SASSAFRAS MITTENS

THE pine tree has its needles,
The maple has its keys,
The ash tree's seeds are paddles ;
But tell me, what are these ?

Nasturtiums with umbrellas
To shield them from the light,
And pitcher plants with pitchers
To catch the raindrops bright.

The alder with its tassels
Which gleam like golden curls,
And sassafras with mittens
For little boys and girls.

Green ones in the summer,
And yellow in the fall.
Come, help yourselves, dear children ;
There are enough for all.



UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

A PAIR OF MITTENS

70 1941
1942-1943

THE PROUD BUCKWHEAT

[Every child loves Andersen's fairy tales, but I wonder how many children know anything about the man who wrote those interesting stories. Hans Christian Andersen was born almost a century ago, in the far-away country of Denmark. He was very fond of children, and wrote principally for them. His fairy tales are read by the little folks of his own country, and have been translated into almost every language of Europe.]

VERY often, after a violent thunder-storm, a field of buckwheat appears blackened and singed, as if a flame of fire had passed over it. The country people say that this appearance is caused by lightning; but I will tell you what the Sparrow says, and the Sparrow heard it from an old willow tree which grew near a field of buckwheat, and is there still.

It is a large venerable tree, though a little crippled by age. The trunk has been split, and out of the crevice grow grass and brambles. The tree bends forward slightly, and the branches hang quite down to the ground, just like green hair. Grain grows in the surrounding fields, not only rye and barley, but oats — pretty oats, that, when ripe, look like a number of little golden canary

birds sitting on a bough. The corn has a smiling look; and the heaviest and richest ears bend their heads low, as if in pious humility.

Once there was also a field of buckwheat, and this field was exactly opposite to the old willow tree. The buckwheat did not bend like the other grain, but erected his head proudly and stiffly on the stem. "I am as valuable as any other grain," said he, "and I am much handsomer. My flowers are as beautiful as the bloom of the apple blossom, and it is a pleasure to look at us. Do you know of anything prettier than we are, you old willow tree?"

And the willow tree nodded his head, as if he would say, "Indeed, I do!"

But the buckwheat spread himself out with pride, and said, "Stupid tree! He is so old that grass grows out of his body."

There arose a very terrible storm. All the field flowers folded their leaves together, or bowed their little heads, while the storm passed over them; but the buckwheat stood erect in his pride.

"Bend your head as we do," said the flowers.

"I have no occasion to do so," replied the buckwheat.

"Bend your head as we do," cried the ears of corn. "The angel of the storm is coming; his wings spread from the sky above to the earth beneath. He will strike you down before you can cry for mercy."

"But I will not bend my head," said the buckwheat.

"Close your flowers, and bend your leaves," said the old willow tree. "Do not look at the lightning when the cloud bursts: even men cannot do that. In a flash of lightning, heaven opens, and we can look in; but the sight will strike even human beings blind. What, then, must happen to us, who only grow out of the earth, and are so inferior to them, if we venture to do so?"

"Inferior, indeed!" said the buckwheat. "Now, I intend to have a peep into heaven." Proudly and boldly he looked up, while the lightning flashed across the sky as if the whole world were in flames.

When the dreadful storm had passed, the flowers and the corn raised their drooping heads in the pure, still air, refreshed by the rain; but the buckwheat lay like a weed in the field, burnt to blackness by the lightning.

The branches of the old willow tree rustled in the wind, and large water drops fell from his green leaves, as if the old willow were weeping. Then the Sparrow asked why he was weeping when all around seemed so cheerful. "See," he said, "how the sun shines, and the clouds float in the blue sky! Do you not smell the sweet perfume from flower and bush? Wherefore do you weep, old willow tree?" Then the willow told him of the haughty pride of the buckwheat, and of the punishment which followed.

This is the story told me by the Sparrow one evening, when I begged him to relate some tale to me.

— HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

PRIDE goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.

— PROVERBS.

BUNNY AND THE EASTER EGGS

THE poultry-yard in the shop-window seems a strange place to see so many rabbits, but every year at Easter time we find them sitting among the gayly colored eggs, looking as proud as if they had laid them all.

But a bunny never laid an egg in its life.

This is a rabbit story which grandmammamas used to tell the little German children long, long ago.



TRAILING ARBUTUS

Once upon a time, Spring came into the country very late in the year.

Winter had stayed so long that everything looked dead. 'No grass, no leaves on the trees, no flowers, no birds, no children in the woods looking for flowers.

"This will never do," said Spring. "I must get to work."

So she walked along over the ground, trailing her long robe behind her. Wherever she stepped, the grass grew green.



WOOD ANEMONE

Now and then she stooped down, and touched a bare spot of earth, and up came the fair spring flowers, — the arbutus, bluet, anemone, saxifrage, and all the rest. She threw her arms up, and touched the bare branches of the trees. Leaves grew at once.

Then she sang, — oh! such sweet songs that the robins, bluebirds, cardinals, bobolinks, and warblers came flying back from the south to hear her.

Soon they were building nests, and laying eggs.

Then Spring's house-cleaning was over; so she sat down to rest. But she soon grew lonesome.

"Where are all the children?" she asked. "Why don't they come out of the city to the beautiful country to see me, to hear my birds

sing, and to gather my lovely pink, white, blue, and yellow flowers?

"I am afraid they don't know I am here. I'll send a message to them."

So she sang to the birds, —

"Bluebird, catbird, robin, wren,
Tell the children I'm here again."

But the birds said, "We are busy, O Spring! building our nests, and laying eggs. We cannot go. Ask the rabbit."

But Bunny said he was afraid of the city with its noise, afraid of dogs, of men with guns, and of boys with sticks.

But Spring said, "At night the city is quite still; men, boys, and dogs are all asleep. Won't you go then? Your ears are so long you can hear the least sound, and you hop so fast no one can catch you."

So Bunny agreed to meet Spring at the foot of the red maple, late at night.

She made a basket of grass and straw, which she decorated with feathers and flowers. In this



SAXIFRAGE

she packed some blue eggs the robins gave her, some brown ones from the wrens, some spotted ones from the cardinals, sparrows, and chickadees, and some pure white ones from the woodpeckers' deep holes in the trees.

When Bunny came to the red maple, Spring tied the basket on his back.

"Now be careful of the eggs," she said, "and when you come to a house where children live, you must tear some of the straw from your basket, and make a tiny nest on the doorstep. Put in just one feather, just one flower, and just one egg, and when you have been all around, hop back to the woods as fast as you can.

"When the children see the beautiful colored eggs you have brought them, they will clap their hands and shout, 'Spring has come! We know by the message she has sent us. See the flowers and the Easter eggs!'

"Then they will know I am waiting to welcome them to the woods; and I will tell them it is you whom they must thank, for without you they would have had no Easter eggs this year."



THE EASTER BUNNY

TO VIMU
ABSORPTION



ON the leaf an empty cradle
swings,
While the baby butterfly waves
its wings,

Like a rose leaf bright that the wind has blown,
Or a handful of sunshine caught and thrown.
O baby butterfly! out in the sun,
Of all earth's children the daintiest one,
Do you think you could fold those radiant wings,
And creep back to bed where the cradle swings
Where the empty cradle swings?

BIRDS and butterflies are not the only creatures
which leave their empty cradles in the fields and
woods.

Come with me to the brier patch, which was
white with flowers in the early summer, and
black with juicy berries in August.

Look carefully at those curious swellings on the stems ; some of them are red, and others brown. Do you see the little holes which look like pin-pricks ?

Each of those knots or swellings was the cradle of some tiny gnats.

While the stems were green and tender, the mothers pierced them, and laid their eggs inside of them. But they also put in some poison, which made the stem swell around the eggs. There the young grubs were born ; these changed to little gnats, which flew out through the holes you see. Each hole was a gnat's door from its nursery to the warm sweet air.

Now come to the field of golden-rod. Does every stem wave a yellow plume ? Who can find one which bears a hard ball of leaves ?

Cut it open ; but be careful, as a baby may be in the cradle.

Yes, there he is, a little yellow grub. If we had not disturbed him, he, too, would have grown into a gnat with gauzy wings.

The red spongy balls on the rosebush, and the

green or brown ones on the oak trees, are all gnat cradles too.

They are called "galls," and the little creatures they have rocked and sheltered are called "gall-gnats."

See how many empty cradles you can find in the autumn, when the leaves have fallen from the trees and bushes. You may be able to see some curious ones on the willows.

Nature has many secrets which sharp-eyed boys and girls may discover.

THERE are notes of joy from the hangbird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And the shadows at play on the bright green
vale;
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

IN THE MEADOW

THE meadow is a battlefield

Where Summer's army comes,
Each soldier with a clover shield,
The honey bees with drums.
Boom, rat-ta! they march and pass
The Captain Tree, who stands
Saluting with a sword of grass,
And giving them commands.

'Tis only when the breezes blow
Across the woody hills,
They shoulder arms, and, to and fro,
March in their full-dress frills.
Boom, rat-ta! they wheel in line,
And wave their gleaming spears;
"Charge!" cries the Captain, giving sign.
And every soldier cheers.

But when the day is growing dim,
They gather in their camps,
And sing a good thanksgiving hymn
Around the firefly lamps.

Rat-tat-ta! the bugle notes
Call "Good-night" to the sky;
I hope they all have overcoats
To keep them warm and dry.

—FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.
By permission of Frederick A. Stokes Co.

THE FAINT-HEARTED MOUSE

A TIMID little mouse lived in the house of a great magician. The poor creature was in constant fear of the cat, and had not a moment's peace.

The magician, taking pity on the mouse, turned it into a cat. Then it suffered for fear of the dog. To cure this fear, the magician turned it into a dog. Then it trembled for fear of the tiger. The magician changed it into a tiger; but it at once began to tremble for fear of the hunters.

"Be a mouse again!" cried the magician in disgust. "You have the heart of a mouse, and cannot be helped by wearing the body of a nobler animal."

EDNA'S CHEWINKS

EDNA was spending her vacation in an old-fashioned house on the Hudson River, not far from the Catskill Mountains.

Sometimes she sat in the summer-house with a book which told her stories of the river, of Hendrick Hudson and his dwarfs, and of dear old Rip Van Winkle.

But the stories she liked best to read were found in Nature's book called "Out-of-Doors."

She did not have to sit still to read that, for she could turn its pages while running, hopping, or skipping about the farm, while driving through the woods, or sailing on the river, or while chasing the butterflies, salting the sheep, milking the cows, or shoosing the young turkeys to roost.

One day, while resting on some logs in the chip-yard, after a long run, she heard some one whistle, "Chewink! chewink!"

Pretty soon an answer came from a high tree, "Chewink! chewink! chewink!" She waited to hear more.



CHEWINKS

After Audubon

Soon there came a little song which sounded to her like, "Chuck-bur, pill-a-will-a-will-a!"

"That's strange!" thought Edna. "But I know it is bird talk, so I'll sit quite still and listen."

"Chewink! chewink! che—" but, before the whistle was finished, a bird darted from a tree down into a low bush not far from where the little girl was sitting.

"Chewink! chewink! chewink! chewink!" Still the whistle came from above her head. Again and again the woods rang with it.

"There are two birds; they must be mates," thought the little girl. "I shall watch for the one in the bush."

She waited patiently and very quietly for a long time, but at last, as she could neither see nor hear anything of the bird in the bush, she got up and walked toward it.

"Whir! whir!" With a rush of wings a bird flew almost into her face, and there, directly on the ground, was a nest with four eggs in it, white ones speckled with brown.

Oh, how happy the little girl was! But the mother bird was not so happy. She kept making a sharp "Chip! chip!" with her bill, as if to say, "Go away! go away!" while the father bird, high up in the tree, cheerily called, "This is a nice little girl. Don't worry! don't worry!"

"I won't tell a soul," said Edna, as if making a promise to the parents.

Day after day she visited the nest. On the tenth morning she found that the four eggs had changed to four young birds with yellow-rimmed, gaping mouths, but without a feather on their little naked bodies, and with thin films of skin over their eyes, which had not yet opened.

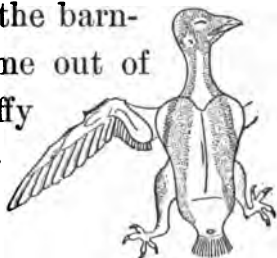
"Poor wee things! you seem to be nothing but mouths," murmured Edna. "I think you do not want any company to-day. I'll run away, so that your mother and father can come to feed you. I won't let any one know you are here, either. Good-by! Good-by!"

But the birds were too young to say even "Peep! peep!" to her.

NEW CLOTHES

THESE are not very pretty pictures, but they show how the chewinks looked the day they were born.

Edna, who had often been in the barn-yard when the little chicks came out of their shells, all covered with fluffy yellow down, was very much disappointed to find the chewink babies so homely.



She expected them to wear suits of black and russet trimmed with white, like their father's, or, at least, to dress in two shades of brown, as their mother did.



She told the secret of the new neighbors in the chip-yard to her mother, and asked why the young birds were not as pretty as Biddy's cunning little chicks.

Her mamma told her she must be patient; that birds which stayed in their nests until they learned to fly, had to wait longer for their feathers to grow than the birds which were ready to run and hunt for food as soon as they came out of the eggs.

She showed Edna these pictures, telling her, "In a few days your chewinks will be covered with down; and, later, feathers will grow from all the places marked by the dots, and will spread over the bare spots, covering them all up. You can see where the feathers grew on any chicken or bird that has been plucked.

"But you must not expect birds' clothes to last forever. They wear out just as your dresses do. Once a year the birds molt, and lose their old frayed and ragged feathers; but new ones grow right out of the pockets in their skins.

"So do not worry about the chewinks, for they will be as handsome as their parents by the time they are two or three years old."

I THOUGHT the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder-bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it pleases not now;
For I did not bring home the river and sky;
He sang to my ear — they sang to my eye.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON

MARTHA'S POLLIWOG

DEAR MR. BUTTERMAN, —

Please bring me some of the moss you have in your pond, the next time you come to town. I want it for my fish globe. I shall be very much obliged to you.

Very truly,

MARTHA.

This is how Martha came to learn many strange things.

When the buttermilk man brought the moss, neither he nor Martha knew that there were some tiny eggs hidden among the green leaves. Each one looked like the head of a black pin covered with a soft, sticky white substance.

How pretty the fish globe was with its little stone castle, the long graceful moss, and gold and silver fish!

“Mamma, mamma!” cried Martha one day, as she was watching the goldfish swim in and out of the castle doors. “What are all these little black things wriggling around in my fish globe?”

I shall have to take them out, or they will hurt my fish."

"Leave one in, Martha: I promise you it will do no harm. Leave just one, to see what will happen." She left one in; but each day she ran to her fish globe, always fearing the funny little creature.

She watched it grow, until it was almost as large as her precious goldfish. It changed from black to a brownish color. Its large eyes seemed to pop at her, while its long tail kept the water dancing all the time.

"What shall I call it, mamma?"

"Just Polliwog," said mamma with a smile.

By this time, Martha was very curious about her "Polly," as she called it. It had grown quite large and fat.

One day she called, "Mamma! mamma! Polly has something growing out of its body. I believe it is a pair of hind legs. Where did they come from?"

But the polliwog only opened its large mouth wider, and popped its great eyes a little more.



THE STORY OF A FROG

TO THE
ATTENTION OF
THE
ATTORNEY GENERAL
OF THE
STATE OF
NEW YORK

Soon afterward, when Martha was giving her pets their breakfast, she saw something which almost made her put her little pink nose into the water.

"The polliwog seems to have grown smaller in the middle of its body," Martha thought. "I wonder what will happen next. I really believe it is getting arms. Yes, and fingers too!"

Just then the little polliwog swam past her, as if to show off.

"You ought to be a very good swimmer, my dear, with four webbed feet and a long tail."

A few days later Martha went to make a short visit to her grandmother. When she came home, her first thought was of her goldfish and her polliwog.

It was a warm June day, and the blinds had been closed to keep out the sun.

"What is that queer noise that goes 'Plink! plunk!'" thought Martha, as she opened the blind to let in the light.

What do you suppose she saw?

On the tiptop of the castle, high out of the

water, sat a very fat green creature with no tail at all.

“Where is Polly?” said Martha. “Surely that cannot be — But, oh, yes it is!” she cried. “I know it by its big eyes looking right into mine.

“Oh, you funny polliwog! you are only a frog, after all!”

But the frog only blinked, and dived down to the bottom of the globe with a queer “Plink! plunk!”

Martha soon found that the frog did not like fish food, so she gave it flies to eat; and when the summer vacation came, she gave it to the butterman to take back to the pond in the country. But Martha remembers her pet, and will tell you many strange things about it, if you go to see her some day.

SING a song of seasons,
Something bright in all;
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE FLOWER PARADE

It had been a joyful day for wee Elsie.

Dressed all in white, with gauzy wings on her shoulders, a golden star in her hair, and a wand in her hand, she had been a fairy in the coaching parade,



THE FLOWER PARADE

which occurs every year in the little mountain village where she spends her vacation.

There were ever so many coaches in the procession! Some of them were so beautifully trimmed with flowers, that one could not see even the spokes of the wheels. It was curious to see how an everyday carriage could be changed into a

beautiful white water lily, into a yacht with gleaming sails, or into some other shape, by the use of flowers and ribbons.

The fairy coach had won the prize, for it was the most beautiful of them all. It was covered with white satin, and drawn by six white horses, whose harnesses and reins had been wrapped with white ribbon.

Don't you wish you had seen it?

But best of all, on top of the coach a white-covered platform had been built for a dozen fairy maidens dressed just as Elsie was.

Their Queen rode inside, smiling, and waving her wand at all the people as she passed; but none of them changed to birds or beasts, as the people in some of the fairy tales do, for she was a gracious queen.

They had such a happy day! But when night came, poor Elsie was so tired that she had to be carried upstairs to bed; and although she was asleep as soon as her curly head touched the pillow, she went right off to another procession — in her dreams.

ELSIE'S DREAM

In her dream Elsie seemed
to be out of doors,

with
the mountains,
the fields, the woods, and
the sunshine all around her; and
she herself

seemed to be
the fairy Queen,
sitting on a white
throne, before which
passed a procession
of the seasons.



Led by Spring, came the drooping snowdrops; the crocus fairies in purple, yellow, and white; red and yellow tulips; hyacinths and bluebells on their way to the city gardens; while their little country cousins — the bloodroot, bluet, saxifrage, spring beauty, and violet — turned off to the woods to weave beautiful patterns in the new carpet of grass which had just been spread on the ground.

As they passed out, a band of music sounded in the tree-tops from robins, bluebirds, sparrows, wrens, and warblers just back from the sunny South.

The Queen waved her wand, and Summer came in, with buttercups and daisies from the fields, and with pansies, lilies, roses, geraniums, sunflowers, hollyhocks, and all the sweet garden flowers with their bright colors and sweet odors.

Elsie could not call them all by name, there were so many of them; but she smiled as they passed before her, and waved her wand for some music.

All the gurgling brooks, laughing rills, and

tinkling streams, burst into song; while grasshoppers, katydids, and crickets played on their fiddles.

Again she waved her wand.

A tall fairy came, wearing a wreath of asters and a cloak of autumn leaves, and carrying a wand of golden-rod in her hand.

A band of Brownies followed her with sheaves of grain and baskets of fruit; while some frisky squirrels ran along beside her, drawing a chariot filled with nuts.

"Music!" called the Queen; and all the winds began to play loud, blustering tunes, shaking the leaves from the trees, and whirling them through the air like birds set free from cages.

They passed, and for the last time the Queen waved her magic wand.

Some little elves ran in, and spread a white carpet for the evergreens.

Spruces, hemlocks, cedars, pines, and firs came tramping by, like an army of soldiers, with sharp-pointed spears. Many of them were on their way to market to become Christmas trees.

Holly trees with bright red berries, and oaks already trimmed with mistletoe, came next, while crowfoot trailed along the ground.

For them there was no song of bird, or chirping of insect; the streams were frozen hoarse; but the voices of children shouting with glee on the ice and snow and around the Christmas tree, or singing sweet Christmas carols, seemed to our little sleeping fairy Queen the sweetest music of all.

PICTURE-BOOKS IN WINTER.

SUMMER fading, winter comes,
Frosty mornings, tingling thumbs,
Window robins, winter rooks,
And the picture story-books.

How am I to sing your praise,
Happy chimney-corner days,
Sitting safe in nursery nooks,
Reading picture story-books!

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THE RUBY-THROATED HUMMING BIRD

THE ruby-throat is one of the tiniest, daintiest birds in the world.

It almost seems to be a fairy as it hovers over the flowers, with its wings all in a flutter, and its throat gleaming like a jewel in the sunshine.



THE RUBY-THROAT

It is a fearless creature, too. See how bravely it rests on the lady's finger. I have heard of humming birds which were so tame that they would eat sugar held between the lips of those who had been kind to them.

Is it not a fine thing to be able to make friends with the birds?

When you see the humming bird fluttering around the garden, it is usually hunting for food. With its long bill it is able to probe the deepest flower cups for nectar and insects.

Have you ever visited a humming bird in its home?



One's eyes must be very sharp to find its little house, for it looks more like a knot on the tree than a nest.

It is round and cup-shaped, being made of the finest dandelion, thistle, or poplar down, trimmed on the outside with bits of gray and green lichen, and fastened to the branch by spiderwebs wrapped round and round the branch so that the wind cannot blow the little home away.

In the nest the mother bird lays two small, pure white eggs, each about the size of a bean.

When the little hummers are hatched, they have to stay in the nest until their feather clothes grow. Their first suits are dull brownish green, like their mother's; but as they grow older, they change these for brighter green ones, like their father's, with beautiful red collars.



"IS IT A GEM, HALF BIRD,
OR IS IT A BIRD, HALF GEM?"

THE
MUSEUM
OF
NATURAL
HISTORY
OF
THE
CITY OF
NEW YORK
AND
THE
ADJACENT
COUNTY OF
RICHMOND

While the little ones are in the nest, the mother feeds them in a very queer way. She moistens and softens the insect food in her crop, and then puts her beak into the mouths of the babies, who suck the softened food, just as a real baby sucks milk from a bottle.

There is no room for the father bird in the nest, so he stays away from home leaving the care of the babies to the faithful little mother.

A HUMMING BIRD

If you watch its fluttering poise,
From palpitant wings will steal
A hum like the eerie noise
Of an elfin's spinning-wheel.

And then from the shape's vague sheen
Quick lusters of blue will float,
That melt in luminous green
Round a glimmer of ruby throat.

—EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE FIELD FAIRIES

MY dolly and I came walking to-day
Out here in the pleasant weather,
And you'll never believe what helped us play
In the sunny fields together.

My dolly, the dear, just stared and stared,
But never a word was saying,
When the fairies came for a grand surprise,
And helped us with our playing.

And one of them climbed a tree so tall
It took him more than an hour ;
But I know you called him a golden bug,
And the tree was a purple flower.
And two of them sat in the tree above,
And talked in tones so ringing
That dolly and I both understood ;
But you thought it the bluebird singing.

And one put on a mantle of gold,
And fluttered and flew above us ;
But you thought, instead of a fairy bright,
'Twas a butterfly come to love us.

And the yellow leaf with the crimson edge —
Did you think it could do no better
Than fall? Why, the fairy hid in the tree
Had sent us the leaf for a letter.

And there were fairies hidden away
In the heart of the crimson flower,
And when they saw us, they ran and hid
In a dear little grassy bower;
So we were afraid to roll our ball,
For then we might make a blunder,
And roll it over the poor little heads
Of the fairies, hiding under.

O fairy bug in the purple flower,
And fairy butterfly lover!
Do you know the words that the fairy birds
Kept singing over and over?
Then tell the fairy up in the tree
That we read his bright leaf-letter,
And we'll come and play again some day,
For he makes our playtime better.

THE CHURCH IN THE WOODS

A MESSAGE came from the woods one day, written on thin birch bark, and tied with a green grass ribbon. We untied the ribbon, and read inside : —

DEAR FRIENDS, —

We invite you to come next Sabbath to our Woodland Church. You will receive a cordial welcome from all my people and from their pastor,

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

We turned to thank the red-breasted messenger for the kind invitation, but he had flown away.

Next Sabbath Day dawned bright and clear : so dressed in our best, we went over the hills to the church in the woods. As we entered the door, we heard the silvery peal of lily bells ringing for church.

High over our heads spread the green arched roof, while beneath our feet was a soft new carpet of emerald green.

Far up the aisle, in a queer little pulpit, the



A WOODLAND PREACHER

THE
MUSEUM OF
NATURAL HISTORY
OF THE
CITY OF
NEW YORK

preacher stood, in a long green gown. A low strain of music from the wind organ came stealing through the arches and down the aisles as we took our seats.

Then the choir of bird voices, in their high gallery, burst forth into glorious melody.

Song sparrow's trill rang out clear and sweet, and the thrushes warbled their liquid notes.

Next came a deep bass solo by a gorgeous bee dressed all in black-and-gold velvet.

Columbine sentinels stood all around with their red trumpets held in their hands. Sweet violets with heads bent in prayer; clovers in bonnets of red and white; buttercups with bright, beaming faces; daisies with friendly, welcoming smiles; dandelions proud of their golden hair; and dear little bluets turning their meek, pretty faces up to the sun, — all came to hear what the preacher had to say.

We saw all the people in their gay spring gowns, we listened to the organ and the choir of birds and bees; but never a word did we hear from Jack-in-the-Pulpit.

THE ROBINS' HOME

SINCE their return from the south, in April, two robins have been flying about the orchard, busily planning a new house. .

Without any help from carpenters, bricklayers, or plasterers, and with no tools except their own bills and claws, they have built and furnished a house in the crooked old apple tree.

The coarse twigs and grasses, and bits of old paper and string, rudely woven together, make it look like a log cabin on the outside ; but inside it is nicely plastered with mud, papered with soft grasses and leaves, and carpeted with bits of cotton, wool, and feathers.

This makes a comfortable nursery for the baby robins when they peck their way out of the blue eggs.

Peep into the nursery. Did you ever see such funny little birds, with hardly a feather to their backs? But Mr. and Mrs. Robin think them the handsomest children in the world, so you must be careful to say nothing to hurt their feelings.

They wear only a few pin-feathers and some little patches of down now, but before long they will wear whole suits of spotted feathers; and when these get torn and frayed, the old feathers will drop out and new ones will grow.

Isn't that an easy way to get a new suit of clothes?

When they grow up, they will wear their best suits, with slate-colored coats, red vests, white neckties, and saucy black caps and tails.

How many robins have you seen this spring?

THE SECRET

WE have a secret, just we three, —
The robin and I and the sweet cherry tree, —
The bird told the tree, and the tree told me;
And nobody knows it but just we three.

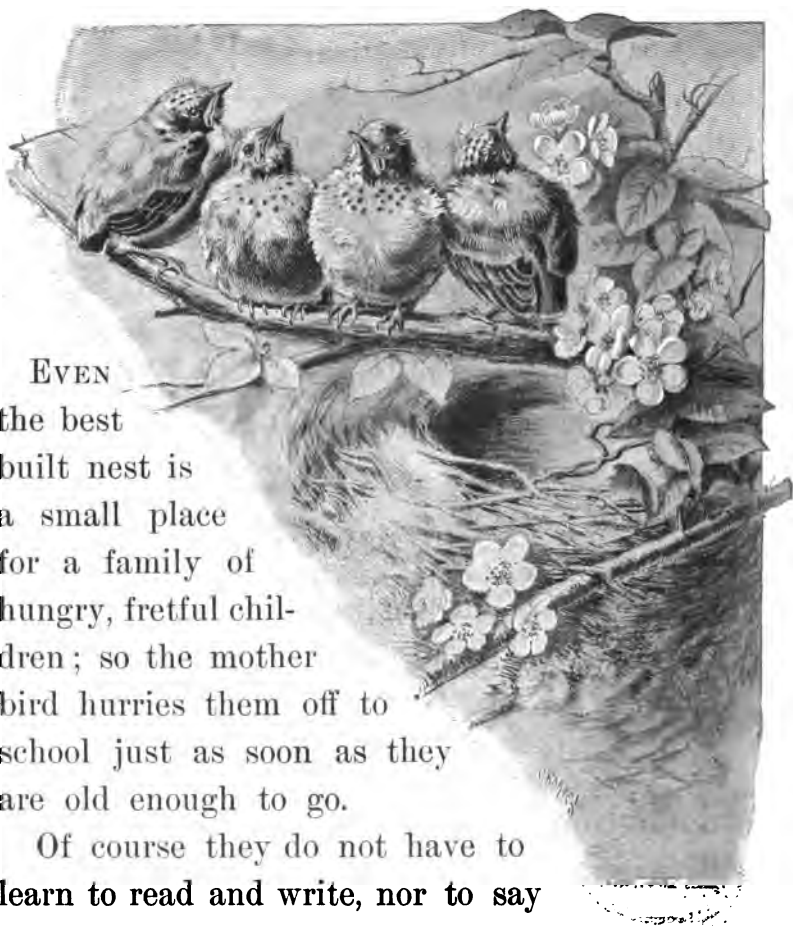
But of course the robin knows it best,
Because she built the — I sha'n't tell the rest
And laid the four little — somethings in it:
I'm afraid I shall tell it every minute.

— GEORGE COOPER

ROBIN AT SCHOOL

EVEN the best built nest is a small place for a family of hungry, fretful children; so the mother bird hurries them off to school just as soon as they are old enough to go.

Of course they do not have to learn to read and write, nor to say the multiplication tables, for robins do not need such things; but they do have to



learn to sing and to fly, to find worms, and to keep their clothes clean.

The school is very near the nest, usually on the same branch.

Father and Mother Robin are both teachers, but the father is the principal of the school. Sometimes he stands his class up in a row and gives them stretching lessons to make their wings strong, while he counts, "Chirp, chirp! Chirp, chirp!" which means, "One, two! One, two!"

Then, chirping and twittering, he flies off a little way, calling to his oldest son, "Watch me! Come, Rob!" But Rob is afraid.

"You go, Pin-feathers, you're the baby; I'll let you have first go," peeps Rob.

"Cheer-up, cheer-up! Come, come!" calls the father.

After a great deal of coaxing, the babies flop and tumble about, waving their little wings.

"Very good! That's enough for one lesson," chirps the teacher. "In a few weeks you'll learn to fly as well as I do; then I'll teach you how to scratch for worms."

THE PIPER'S SONG

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he, laughing, said to me,

“Pipe a song about a lamb,”
So I piped with merry cheer;
“Piper, pipe that song again,”
So I piped, he wept to hear.

“Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read :”
So he vanished from my sight,
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

— WILLIAM BLAKE.

HELPFUL ROBIN

Do you know what robin likes to eat?

I am afraid you will think he has very strange taste; but he really thinks grasshoppers, beetles, caterpillars, bugs, spiders, snails, and angle-worms the choicest meats in Nature's market, and cherries, persimmons, cranberries, blueberries, bitter dogwood berries, mulberries, and sumach the finest of fruits.



Just think how he helps the farmer by eating the insects which destroy his fruit, grain, and vegetables!

If it were not for robin and our other bird friends, — the bluebirds, catbirds, orioles, meadow-larks, phœbes, and pewees, — the army of insects would ruin the crops all over the country. The farmers do not know what good friends of theirs the birds are.

Is it not strange that so many of them shoot these birds just because they help themselves to a few cherries before the wild fruits are ripe?

It seems only fair play to let the birds have a share of the fruit they protect.

Wise men, who have learned that most birds like wild fruits ten times as much as they do the cultivated ones, are planting wild fruit-bearing vines and shrubs around their orchards and gardens, especially for the birds.

In this way they save their fruit, and win happy songs from robin and his choir of sweet song birds.

Now that you know so much about the robin, you should try to make friends with him and with some other birds. He and the bluebird are very sociable; so are the pewee, the vireo, and the summer yellow-bird. They all like to build their nests near your houses.

You should know something, too, of a man named Audubon, who was a great lover of birds. Try to find out if there is not in your own State a bird protection society named after him.

Robin's advice to you is, Join it!

THE DRAGON FLY

DON'T you think a pond was a very strange birthplace for a dainty lace-winged dragon fly?

Its cradle was the green leaf of a water-plant, and its nursery the muddy bottom of the pond, where it played merrily with baby beetles, mayflies, and mosquitoes, for nearly a year.

This is how it happened.

One summer day, in flying over the water, the mother dragon fly laid some small white eggs, which sank to the bottom of the pond,



among the stalks and green leaves of some plants growing there.

By and by the eggs hatched; and some very queer-looking creatures came out, having long slender bodies, great glaring eyes, strong jaws, and six legs.

This dragon fly was one of them. Like its brothers and sisters, it had no wings, so it could not fly, of course; but it was a fine swimmer and diver.

Do you see the long, bag-shaped mask over its strong jaws?

When it is hungry, the dragon fly hides among the leaves or stones until a beetle, a mosquito, or some other water insect comes along; then it opens its mask, thrusts out a pair of pincers hidden within it, and draws the poor insect into its jaws, and eats it for dinner.

After living for nearly a year in the water, and feeding on all sorts of insects, the dragon fly gets ready to spend the rest of its life in the air.

It climbs up on a stalk and stands quite still. Then strange things happen.



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THE DRAGON-FLY

TO JAMES
MURPHY

Its mask drops off, its skin splits down the back, and four beautiful, gleaming wings unfold to carry it through the air.

This sounds like a fairy story ; but it is better than a fairy tale, because it is all true.

The next time you hear any one call the beautiful dragon fly a snake doctor or a darning needle, you must tell him what you know about its life.

Don't you think children are very foolish to be afraid of an insect which has no claws, no teeth, and no sting ?

VIOLETS

UNDER the green hedges, after the snow,
There do the dear little violets grow,
Hiding their modest and beautiful heads
Under the hawthorn in soft, mossy beds.

Sweet as the roses, and blue as the sky,
Down there do the dear little violets lie,
Hiding their heads where they scarce may be seen ;
By the leaves you may know where the violet
hath been.

— J. MOULTRIE.

TWO OF A TRADE

THE dragon fly and I together
Sail up the stream in the summer weather ;
He at the stern, all green and gold,
And I at the oars, our course to hold.

Above the floor of the level river
The bent blades dip and spring and quiver ;
And the dragon fly is here and there,
Along the water and in the air.

And thus we go as the sunshine mellows,
A pair of Nature's merriest fellows ;
For the boat of cedar is light and true,
And instead of one it has carried two.

And thus we sail, without care or sorrow,
With trust for to-day, and hope for to-morrow ;
He at the stern, all green and gold,
And I at the oars, our course to hold.

— S. W. DUFFIELD.

THE BIRTHDAY OF OUR FLAG

It was the birthday of "Our Flag."

The whole country was invited to the party; and from the tops of schoolhouses, post-offices, and other public buildings, from church towers and private houses, the gayly striped and starred flags of bunting and silk waved in the summer breezes. The boats on the river and ships in the harbor wore their party dresses too.

Do you know how old the flag is?

It was born on the fourteenth day of June, 1777, in the city of Philadelphia, in a two-story house with quaint dormer windows.

On the first floor there was an upholsterer's shop, kept by Mrs. Betsy Ross, who made the first flag of the new nation, under the direction of General Washington.

Like our flag of to-day, it had thirteen stripes, — seven of red and six of white; but it had only thirteen white stars in a blue field, instead of forty-five.

In the early days there was one stripe and one

star in the flag for each State ; but as the country grew, and new States were made, Congress decided to keep the thirteen stripes in honor of the thirteen original States, and to add a star for each new one as it came into the Union.

Do you know why we love and honor the flag, and why brave men have died to protect it?

You will love it more when you have studied the history of our country.

This is the pledge which the school-children all over our land repeat on Flag Day :—

“ I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands ; one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.”

My country, 'tis of thee,

Sweet land of liberty,

Of thee I sing.

Land where my fathers died,

Land of the Pilgrims' pride,

From every mountain side

Let Freedom ring.

— S. F. SMITH.

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